

No. 22

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Spring

2001

ANYTHING THAT MOVES

THE MAGAZINE FOR THE RESURGENT BISEXUAL

TOURING QUEER AMERICA



THE DRAMA CLUB

TO MY BISEXUAL BROTHERS



ANYTHING THAT MOVES:

The Magazine for the Resurgent Bisexual

MOVE (MOOV): 1. TO ADVANCE, PROGRESS, OR MAKE PROGRESS. 2. TO CHANGE PLACE OR POSITION. 3. TO TAKE ACTION. 4. TO PROMPT, ACTUATE OR IMPEL INTO ACTION. 5. ACTION TOWARD AN END; A STEP. 6. TO SET IN MOTION; STIR OR SHAKE.

Our choice to use this title for the magazine has been nothing less than controversial. That we would choose to redefine the stereotype that "bisexuals will fuck anything that moves" to suit our own purposes has created myriad reactions. Those critical of the title feel we are perpetuating the stereotype and damaging our image. Those in favor of its use see it as a movement away from the stereotype, toward bisexual empowerment.

We deliberately choose the radical approach. We are creating dialogue through controversy. We are challenging people to face their own external and internal biphobia. We are demanding attention, and are re-defining "anything that moves" on our own terms.

WE WILL WRITE OR PRINT OR SAY ANYTHING THAT MOVES US BEYOND THE LIMITING STEREOTYPES THAT ARE DISPLACED ONTO US.

This magazine was created by bisexuals and their friends. All proceeds are invested into its production and the bisexual community. *ATM* was created out of pride; out of necessity; out of anger. We are tired of being analyzed, defined and represented by people other than ourselves — or worse yet, not considered at all. We are frustrated by the imposed isolation and invisibility that comes from being told or expected to choose either a homosexual or heterosexual identity.

Bisexuality is a whole, fluid identity. Do not assume that bisexuality is binary or duogamous in nature: that we have "two" sides or that we *must* be involved simultaneously with both genders to be fulfilled human beings. In fact, don't assume that there are only two genders. Do not mistake our fluidity for confusion, irresponsibility, or an inability to commit. Do not equate promiscuity, infidelity, or unsafe sexual behavior with bisexuality. Those are human traits that cross *all* sexual orientations. Nothing should be assumed about anyone's sexuality — including your own.

We are angered by those who refuse to accept our existence; our issues; our contributions; our alliances; our voice. It is time for the bisexual voice to be heard. Do not expect each magazine to be representative of all bisexuals, for our diversity is too vast. Do not expect a clear-cut definition of bisexuality to jump out from the pages. We bisexuals tend to define bisexuality in ways that are unique to our own individuality.

There are as many definitions of bisexuality as there are bisexuals. Many of us choose not to label ourselves as anything at all, and find the word "bisexual" to be inadequate and too limiting. Do not assume that the opinions expressed are shared by all bisexuals, by those actively involved in the bisexual movement, or by the *ATM* staff.

What you can expect is a magazine that, through its inclusive and diverse nature, creates movement away from external and internal limitations. This magazine is about ANYTHING THAT MOVES: that moves us to think; that moves us to fuck (or not); that moves us to feel; that moves us to believe in ourselves —

To Do It For Ourselves!

ANYTHING THAT MOVES

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Man With the Plan (and a Crowbar)
Jon Spinner

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ANYTHING THAT MOVES

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ON FUNDRAISING, FIRES, AND RENT

Hi all! I have to admit that for *Anything That Moves*, 2000 looked a lot better before it arrived. In the waning weeks of 1999, when I first came on board, we were assembling one hell of an issue for the new year. A strong lineup of features, news, commentary, and fiction was topped off by an amazing cover illustration. Everyone was incredibly busy — if not always agreeable — but we had a sense of mission I hadn't known since I worked on my college newspaper. We were all in it together, reaching out to the Bisexuals of the Future.

Well, the future arrived with neither a bang nor a whimper, but more of a continuous dull moan. As the weeks and months rolled past after issue No. 21, it became increasingly clear that some changes were in order, not the least of which was about how we financed this cool little queer 'zine. We planned a couple of issues, even getting most of the articles, photos and illustrations for No. 22, but by the fall we knew we weren't going anywhere unless we had cash to cover operating expenses and printing costs.

If you don't live in Northern California or you haven't heard, things have gotten increasingly tough in recent years for those of us not concerned with making our first million in the stock market. Not only did our office rent increase by 98%, but some fools who were trying to stop San Francisco gentrification thought it would be cool to burn down a building that was being renovated — a building that happens to be right next door to our office and almost sent the whole block up in flames when it burned. And did I mention the bomb threat? No kidding. There was a bomb threat in the building.

But before I sound like I'm making excuses, I have to say that our little staff did some pretty cool things in 2000 despite the issue shortage. And some of these things make 2001 and beyond look pretty hopeful.

The first one is money. For as long as *Anything That Moves* has existed, about 10 years, it's almost always operated issue-to-issue. Gently prodded by our former editor, visionary, and perennial positive thinker Mark Silver (who now runs his own fund-raising consultant business), we decided to use what cash we had to hire Mark to teach some *ATM* staffers how to raise money and develop a long-term plan.

One result of this was our December fundraising drive (captained by the amazing Shelli Fein), which helped bring in enough income to get this issue out to you. Once the training is complete, we hope the magazine's income will be continuous so we can look beyond making the next month's rent. Here's to all of you out there in Subscriber Land who've helped us with this.

Anything That Moves also did some really cool stuff last year that didn't deal with money. Acting on short notice, we joined BiNet USA and the Bay Area Bisexual Network to secure an office in San Francisco's Lesbian/Gay/Bisexual/ Transgender Community Center, scheduled to open this summer. Because of this, people who come to visit the Queer Mecca's public clubhouse will have access to bisexual people, news, and resources. How's that for visibility?

Also on the visibility front, three times during the year our events staff threw bisexual dances, called Flirt, in San Francisco's Haight-Ashbury district. I know of people who came from as far away as Fresno (about a four-hour drive) to be part of the overwhelmingly positive bi space that Flirt always creates.

In June, we staffed a booth at the San Francisco Pride Celebration, and we helped organize the bisexual contingent in the accompanying parade. Bi folks from the farthest reaches of the Bay Area carried signs, beat drums, and displayed little pieces of white plastic fence to cheering onlookers.

In September, at the leather/BDSM-oriented Folsom Street Fair — one of the city's most bi-friendly annual events — we sold kisses, spankings, stickers, and sun-block rubdowns at our booth in addition to passing out information about the magazine and other bisexual groups.

We also did a lot to get more people involved in *Anything That Moves*. One of our staffers has become the official volunteer coordinator, reaching out to bring several people on board who might not have otherwise known about the magazine or how to contribute their time and effort.

Getting out only one magazine last year didn't help our morale, but looking back at all we did, it's easy to see that we worked hard where we could. We had to take a step back and regroup, but now we've returned with a new issue and a lot of great stuff for you. For our feature focus, our own snake wrangler and central coordinator Jack Random takes us on bisexual tour through Queer America. Writers BrianKate, G.L. Morrison and Charles Anders tackle the stereotypes and prejudices that keep our community apart. And as our soap opera draws to a close, we're happy to introduce Drama Club, our new running comic serial by illustrator Tre Williams.

Thanks for your support, donations, and belief in us. We couldn't have done it without you. So until next issue, bi all!

Keith Bowers is a full-time copy editor as well as a freelance writer and editor. Besides being an editor for Anything That Moves, he is a regular contributor to Black Sheets and Spectator.

LETTERS: CYBER, SNAIL, AND PSYCHIC

THANKS FROM HUNGARY

I'd just like to say how much I enjoy your magazine. I am not so much actively involved in the bisexual movement, although I am a bisexual and I do speak out when I can. (Actually, I don't *really* like the term bisexual, but I suppose there is nothing wrong with it.)

I am currently experiencing a bit of culture shock. I recently moved from Tuscaloosa, AL, where I had been living for five years, to Budapest, Hungary. (Hey, you mean, you're not gonna kick my ass? Splendid!) Your magazine is a comforting stabilizer. I have only been here two months, and already I have made a few friends (mostly girls... for some reason that homosexual stereotype seems to play out true — go figure). And I have had no problems with any kind of acceptance issues.

Please keep working hard, even for those of us oblivious to what's going on other than just being us.

Peace, Love, and Sedatives (lots),
Travis Webb
Budapest, Hungary

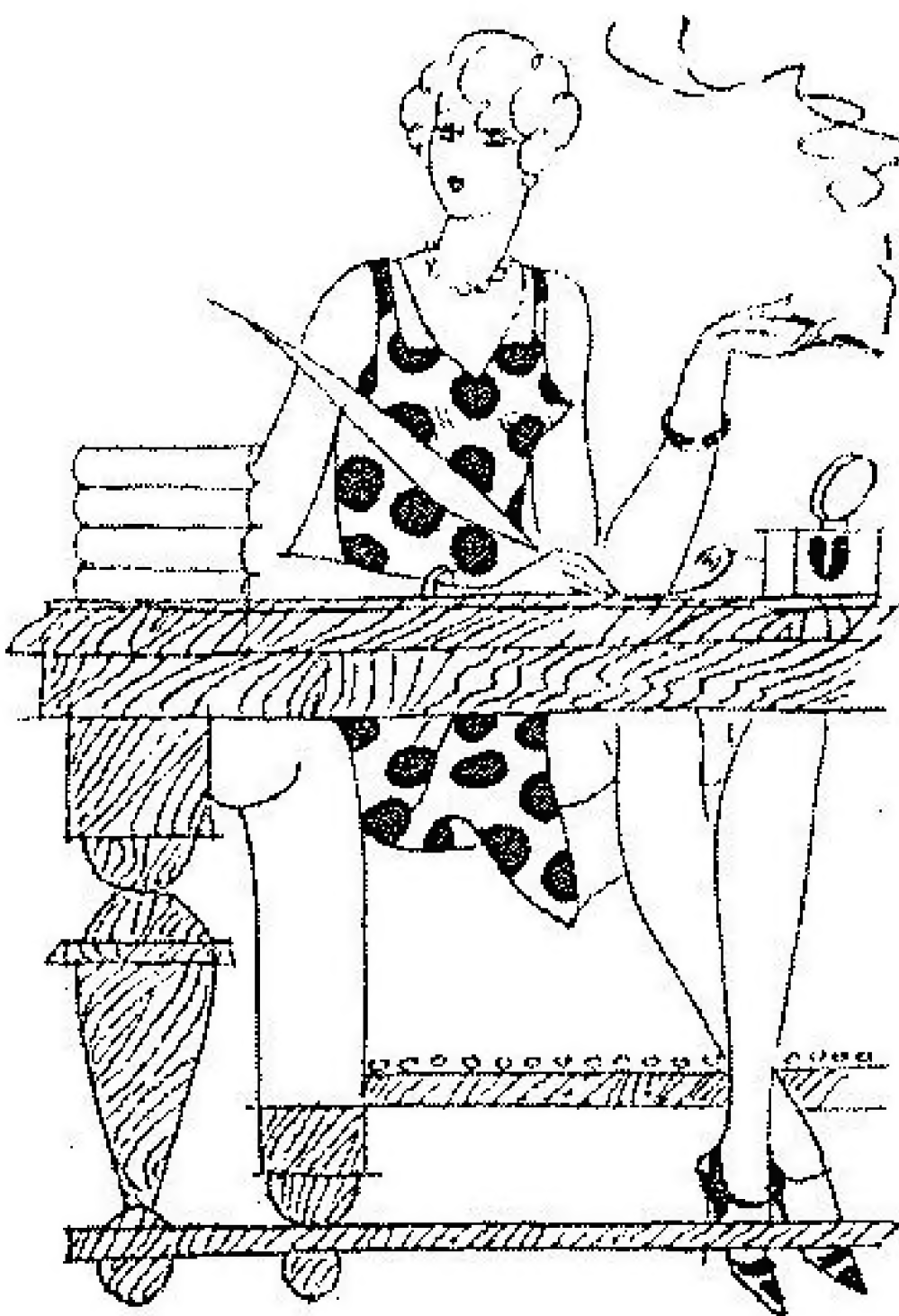
NEVER GIVE UP!

Political humorist Ann Rostow trashed an 80-year-old woman as "an old goat trying to buy herself a little happiness, pathetic creature." ("Heartbreaker for Leona," *S.F. Bay Times*, 02/22/01). Ah, but if the "old goat" (ewe? nanny?) had been male, fewer bystanders would mock. He, unlike she, might have learned how to shop effectively, and thereby gotten more for his money. Or he might have had enough business sense to hire a sex-consultant to help him search, and thus become happily "buy-sexual".

Let me assure elderly straight wealthy women (who probably don't read this periodical) that, yes, there are good-looking men who will copulate for cash with very old women. They can be seen doing so in "granny-porn" videos. Closer to human emotions, there are men who watch such videos, for various reasons. Among these, there must be a few who actually wish they could emulate the actors.

San Diego has, or had, an intro service called December/May Singles International, whereby younger (straight/bi) men could meet older (straight/bi) womyn. So, even for persons who are generally shunned (too fat, too old, whatever), there may be somebody out there looking for them. Getting together is difficult, but not impossible.

Ever-inventive gay/bi men have, as usual, pioneered in building erotic bridges, including social clubs where chubbies may meet



potential chasers, where bears may meet their peers and fans, and so on. There's even a contact 'zine called *C R Magazine* (chiron-rising.com) for older gay/bi men and their admirers. Lesbians, straights, and we bisexuals — monogamists and polyamorists alike — should imitate our queer brothers. (If any reader knows of more such efforts, online or off, *please* send info to seniornude@prodigy.net; or to SUN, Box 426937-SUN, SF, CA 94142-6937.)

Being old, or otherwise unwanted, is a severe and painful challenge, yet not quite an aphroditic death sentence. Loneliness needn't be terminal. Being unloved is different from being unlovable. Whoever you may be, don't give up trying and hoping.

Tortuga Bi Liberty
for Senior Unlimited Nudes
San Francisco, CA

THANKS FOR BEING HERE

Thank you for being in the SF Pride parade and for being such a strong presence. I visited your booth and told you I would find you on the Internet, and so I have. Thanks for the bi trans dream date paper doll.

I concur with your manifesto and feel much the same way. Thanks for putting that out there so strongly. I have sent in my request for a subscription.

I just moved to Santa Rosa, CA; we had our own parade two weeks before the SF one. It was very small. Three dykes on bykes at the beginning and two drag queens at the end. The word bisexual was in the official name of the parade (gay, lesbian, bisexual, transgender pride parade), but not on the banner being carried at the front. A number of youth groups had bisexual in their names, but there was no bisexual group for me to join.

I didn't join you in SF because I was already committed to help carry the Sonoma County AIDS Food Bank flag in honor of my cousin who died this year of AIDS. I am interested in finding out if there are any bisexuals in Sonoma County who would like to make a stronger show of ourselves in next year's Santa Rosa parade. Any suggestions?

Thanks again for being here.

Elena Diana
via cyberspace

THANKS FOR REMEMBERING

I would much prefer that "Remembrance of the Dead" had been written by a transperson of some stripe. Since it wasn't, I have to say that I think Kathryn Page did as good a job as good as we could hope for from a non-trans person.

Ms. Page's treatment of the subject is very sensitive and sympathetic, she doesn't purport to speak for us or try to pass herself off as an expert on us, and she gives very respectful acknowledgement to her personal contacts in the community. Unlike the vast majority of things written about us by non-trans people, I came away from "Remembrance" without feeling the least bit

See "Letters" (p.4)

Letters (from p.3)

patronized, and with only a few minor corrections I'd have made if I'd been given the chance to edit it. I expect to hear good things from Kathryn Page in the future, but I still wish that "In Remembrance of the Dead" had been written by one of us.

Nicole Storm
via cyberspace

ZOOPHILIA PART DEUX

As a practicing long-time zoophile, I'd like to offer a reply to the questions/curiosity of Mumbles Olsson, whose letter was published in issue #21.

If I'm confused, I've been conspicuously so for the duration of my sexual existence. Zoophilia has been around for a long while, as evidenced in artifacts depicting human/animal copulation in cultures that pre-date Christianity by more than 3,000 years.

Why do I think the way I do? My guess is that it's some combination of nature and nurture, just like anything. I've always loved animals in ways that most people only love other people, though the expression of my love hasn't been limited to animals — I live across gender lines as well as species lines, finding affection with humans and (other) animals alike, of any gender.

I am truly, blissfully happy when I'm spending time with my animals, and I miss them terribly when we're apart. I see to their emotional and physical needs and wants, and they unconditionally take care of mine. My animals fill my life with joy. Yes, my relationship with my animals

includes consensual sexual contact, as far as the term "consensual" can be applied in a differential-species relationship, wherein one partner doesn't possess intellect as we understand it. I do not restrain my animals in any way during sex — they're free to walk away, bite, kick, gore, scratch, or stamp me as they see fit. The fact that they don't, and in fact display what I consider to be signs of sexual interest, though not the same as express consent, works well enough to sit well with my critical conscience.

Certain animal rights activists "howl" about this issue — most seem to ignore it, preferring to "hound" more egregious offenders. Besides, *ATM* and its readers (if this sees print), my family, friends, the students and faculty of the university I attended, and any potential human romantic partner all know. I am not ashamed, though the taboo nature of the subject often brings a blush to the cheeks of the previously unaware.

Those who know about me have been incredibly warm, accepting, and understanding about my unusual love life, with special thanks going to the zoophile community at large. I think this acceptance has more to do with my openness and honesty than anything, though friendliness and a nice smile go a long way. (I'm of the opinion that kindness never goes out of style.)

Hopefully that answered this (and other) readers' questions about zoophilia.

Sincerely,
Christopher
via cyberspace

Send your thoughts, criticisms, praise, questions, xeroxed body parts, whatever, to: Letters to the Editor, Anything That Moves, 2261 Market St. #496, San Francisco, California 94114-1600 USA, or email: letters@anythingthatmoves.com. Letters may be edited for length. Unless you tell us not to, we will print your name. Aliases or anonymous letters are, of course, respected, but please send us your real name, and we won't tell anybody you wrote us if you don't want us to.

Support Bisexual Political Action And Receive a Tax Write Off — What a Deal!

After 25+ years of activism, Lani Ka'ahumanu is taking a sabbatical to work full-time on two books — *My Grassroots Are Showing: Stories, Speeches and Special Affections 1975-2000* and *Passing For Other: Poetry and Prose 1975-2000*. Because the books are a sponsored project of Aubin Pictures, Inc., all donations to this cause are tax-deductible.

Help support the Grassroots Book Project (GBP) and receive a tax write-off — what a deal! Make checks payable to *Aubin Pictures, Inc.* and mail them to: GBProject, 20 Cumberland St., San Francisco, CA 94110-1506. For more funding info/opportunities, write: aloha@slip.net.

Thanks for your ongoing support — I appreciate it.

xo,
LK

LOOKING FOR BISEXUAL WOMEN AND MEN WITH BROTHERS AND SISTERS

UNIVERSITY LGB RESEARCH TEAM IS LOOKING FOR
VOLUNTEERS TO COMPLETE A SURVEY ABOUT
HOW THE LIVES OF ADULT SISTERS AND BROTHERS
ARE SIMILAR OR DIFFERENT.

TO PARTICIPATE, PLEASE CONTACT:
ESTHER ROTHBLUM, Box 107, JOHN DEWEY HALL, UN-
IVERSITY OF VERMONT, BURLINGTON, VT 05405, TEL.
(802) 656-437, E-MAIL: SBUNGSTUDY@UVM.EDU, AND
INDICATE THE NUMBER OF SIBLINGS. YOU DO NOT NEED TO
BE OUT TO YOUR SIBLINGS TO PARTICIPATE IN THIS STUDY.

Postcards From The Middle

*One Man's Odyssey
Through Queer America*

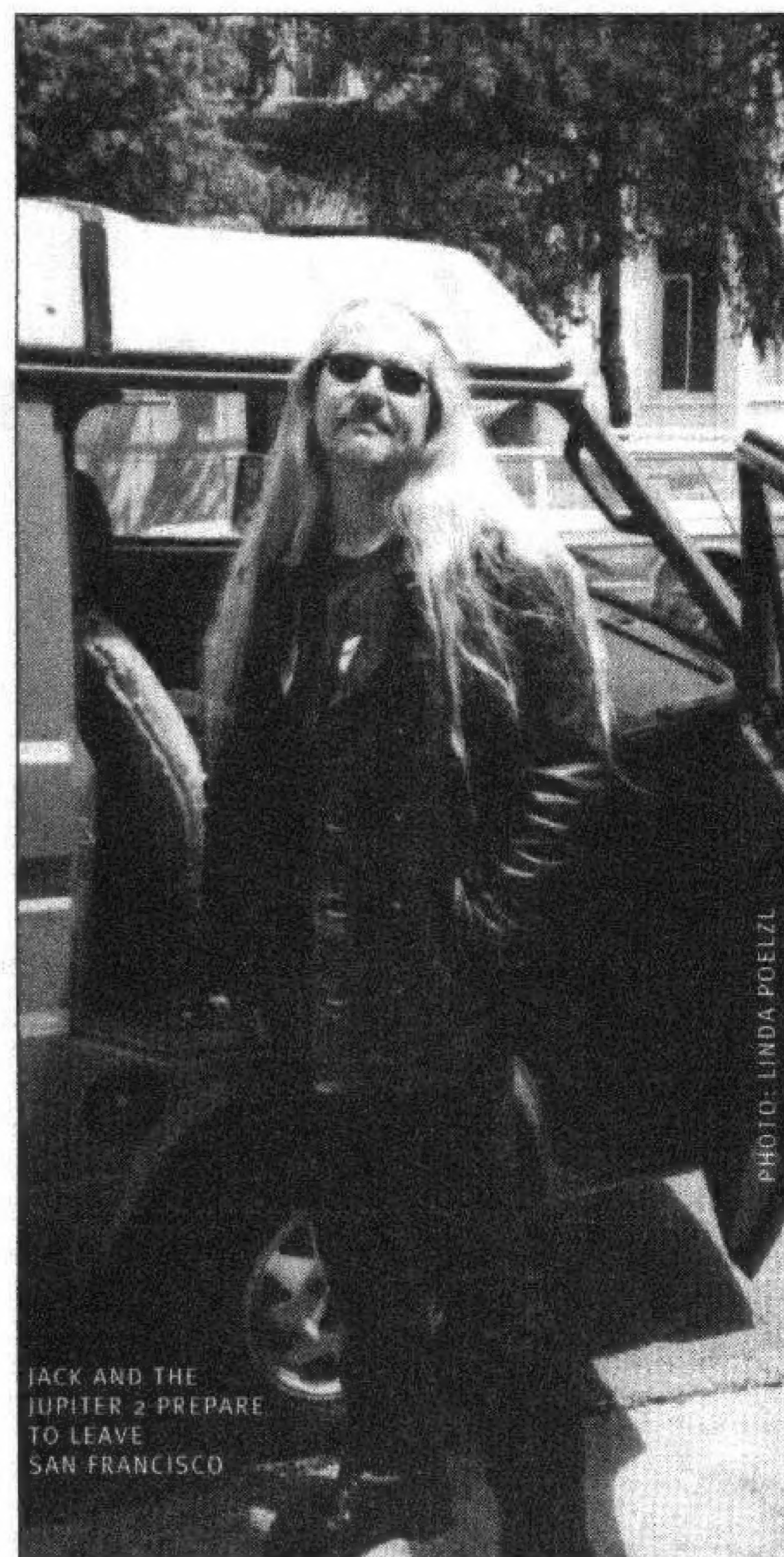
By Jack Random
art by Michael Moss

The first thing I should say is that I wrote this article accidentally. When I left San Francisco on May 15 in the Jupiter 2, my beat-up and now nonexistent Vanagon camper, the last thing I wanted to think about was the state of Queer America and the last thing I intended to do was to write an article on the subject. I'd just finished five years of nothing but work and all I wanted was to get the hell out of town and try to get a little perspective on life.

Funny how these things work out, isn't it?

What happened was that I got ahead of schedule. I found myself in Phoenix with about 10 days to kill before I was expected in New Orleans and nothing really to do, so I went out to find a gay bar. I ended up in the Phoenix community center talking with the guy behind the counter. Over the course of a couple of hours I found that what he was telling me was so interesting that I never did get to that bar. Then a few days later I made the mistake of writing to the *ATM* staff and telling them all about it. From that moment on I was trapped.

The evil bastards trapped me by saying nice things about what I had written and then telling me what a great guy I was and pointing out



that I had really already written the first postcard when I had told them all about the cops hassling me in Ventura and my friends in LA and...

But I'm getting ahead of myself.

Let's just say that from the time I sat down at my laptop in that motel on the strip in Las Vegas until I finally left the Jupiter 2 smoking on the side of the road in Pennsylvania and began hitching a ride to the nearest airport, I was constantly thinking about the state of Queer America. And damned if I didn't even get the perspective on life that I was looking for when I fled from home seven weeks earlier.

Yep, it's pretty damn funny how these things work out.

***Introduction: In which I am
victimized by evil bastards***

Postcards from the Middle #1: California and Nevada

Hi Gang! Greetings to all from Las Vegas. I got a cheap room right across the strip from the pirate thingy and have to listen to it go boom and the crowd screaming every 90 minutes, which sounds more than anything else like a series of remarkably popular public executions.

The trip is going well and the Jupiter 2 is running perfectly. I met a woman with a shaved head behind the counter at a campground in Fresno. She recognized the Lexington Club t-shirt I was wearing and gave me a discount on the campsite. It's good to know that the Lavender Mafia extends at least that far from San Francisco.

Oh, by the way, I know someone suggested I should call this "Postcards from the Edge," but frankly I think "the Middle" fits it better. I prefer to think of home in San Francisco as "the Edge" — the nice, safe edge where the scary people never come.

So, the fun so far. After I left home on Monday I headed down the coast doing nothing much of any importance and ended up sleeping in my van on the beach in Ventura. It's not exactly legal, but I figured, "What the hell" and went to sleep.

At exactly 1 a.m., I was woken up by an amplified voice telling me to show my hands and not to move, followed by a hand entering the van and tearing my pirate flag/curtain out of the way so he could shove a gun in my face. By then I'd figured out that it was the cops, so I just sort of did exactly what they said and tried not to look more butch than them. Cops hate that more than anything. As it was, they were pretty pissed that I wasn't scared.



They dragged me out of the van and showed me a really nice collection of Glocks and a machine gun. (I am not making this up; there were eight cops there.) They interrogated me for about an hour and finally explained that I had been seen driving around town and somebody thought that

I looked suspicious. Eventually they dropped all of my ID on the ground and told me that they had decided to let me sleep at the beach since it was so late and I had said that I was leaving town the next day. Then they all left. It's good to know that no matter how many real criminals are around, local cops can still find the time to hassle people who happen to look different.

I spent this past weekend with a bunch of queers in Los Angeles. They are all neighbors in a row of shacks on a hill in Silver Lake. LA bi, at least as far as the people I met, has some distinct differences from SF bi. These folks weren't as picky as us about identity issues, and generally they didn't see themselves as related to the larger queer community, especially not the transgendered. I think it has something to do with how spread out LA is, as opposed to SF where we are all in each other's faces all the time.

Undercover in the real world

Also, even though the movie business is there, rents are just so much cheaper and there is more room to be poor. Nobody I met was nearly as focused about their lives as my friends at home, although they all knew lots more mainstream celebrities than us. I'm not sure that means anything, since I would rather hang out with Annie Sprinkle or Linda Howard than any of the movie names that got dropped with such a resounding thud while I was there.

That's it from me for now. The damn cannon is booming again and all the normal people are making "fireworks sounds" (oooooh, aaaaah-hh) and I just have to get out into this and see what the end of western culture looks like.

From the road,

Jack

About the Cover Artist

ATM Art Director Amy Conger moves along

by Kathryn Page



Amy Conger, artist, musician, and graphic software power-user extraordinaire, has stepped down as Art Director after a sparkling career at *Anything That Moves* that started at issue #12.

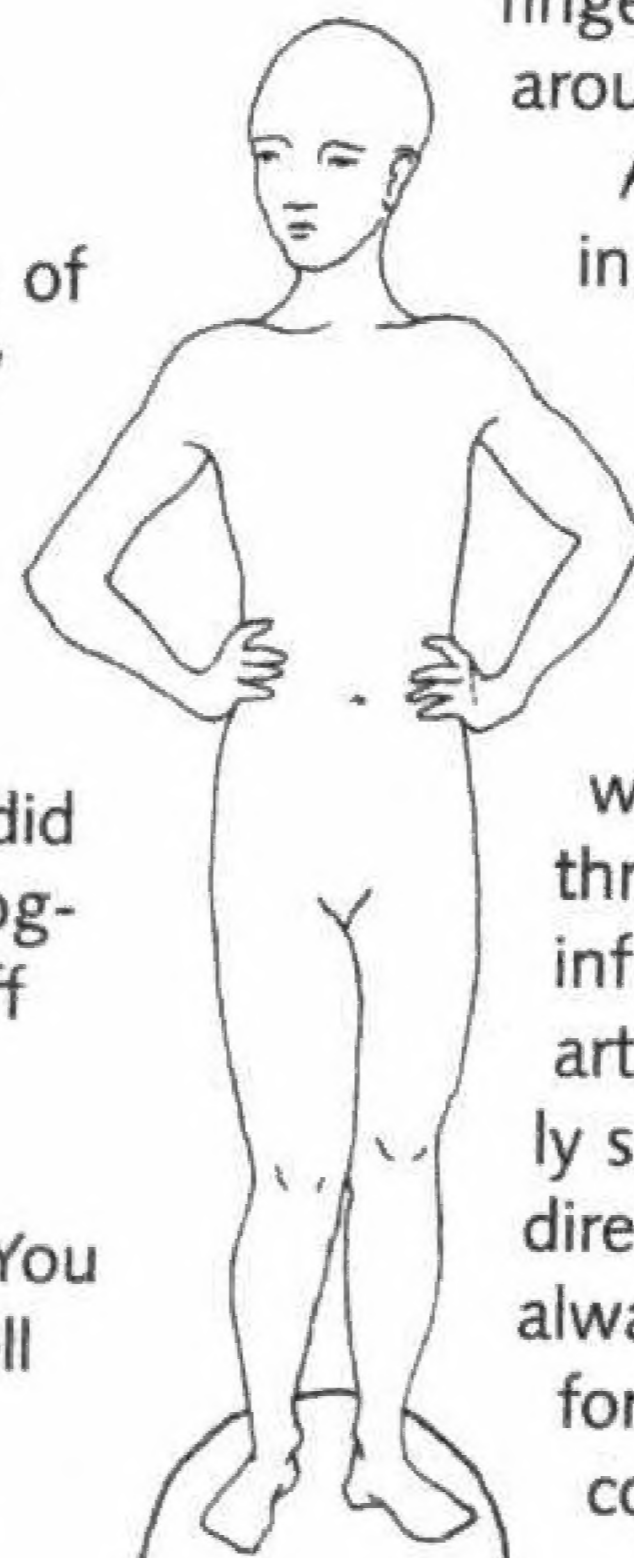
Amy first joined the staff to help with layout and production. In 1998, during the transition brought about by the departure of Managing Editor Mark Silver, Amy decided

to shift her focus from layout to more involvement with the acquisition of new art, and oversight of the general design of the magazine. She has been increasingly responsible for the way the magazine looks, and we will miss her sense of style.



When Amy felt the lack of community resources for artists who identify as bisexual, she started a mailing list for bi artists. She also started a list of artists for *Anything That Moves* so we could stay in

touch with our contributors. She did some of the photography of ATM staff members for our famous Bisexual Response Ad, "If You Love Someone, Tell Them the Truth", and she designed



our "Think Bisexual" parody ad. And who can forget the "Bi Trans Dream Date Paper Doll" on the back of our Pride Supplement last year? That was Amy's design and drawing.

Whenever we needed a flyer design for a Flirt or a Switchboard benefit dance, Amy

would always come through, even when the requests came at the last minute – which they often did. She

has always been willing to share her superior knowledge of QuarkXPress or Photoshop with staff members, and her flying fingers were legend around the office.

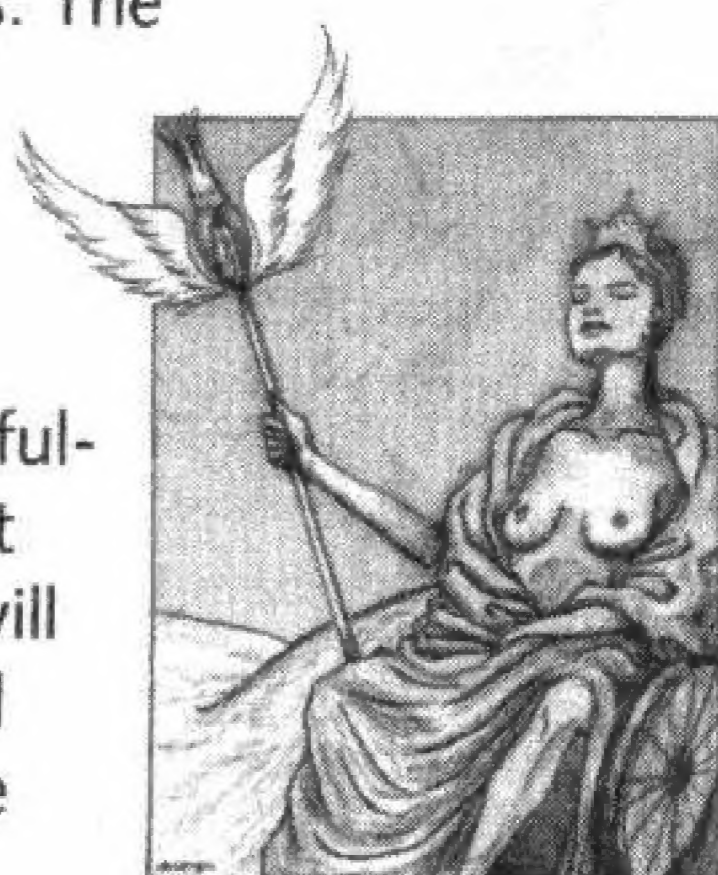
Amy won't be leaving ATM altogether.

She is planning to concentrate on historical archiving to keep the doings at ATM available for future generations. The

magazine will continue to thrive, with the infusion of new artists and, hopefully soon, a new art director, but we will always be grateful for Amy's unique contributions.



If you really love someone, you'll tell them the truth.



Some of Amy's artwork for ATM: Top Left: Collage illustration for this issue's cover; Middle Left: Photography for issue 18's *Tantric Androgyne*; Lower Left: Pair of illustrations for issue 18's *Greyhound Jack*. Top Center: Safe Sex Bi Scout Badge for issue 16; Center: some parts of the Bi-Trans Dream Date Paper Doll illustration originally for issue 20's *Bleeding Colors*. Top Right: Bi Response Ad Poster; Middle Right: Photo of staff member Andrea Michaela for the cover of issue 17; Lower Right: Illustration for issue 19's *Queen of the Girls*.



OLLIE-OLLIE-OX-ON-THREE!

(Where Are All the Others?)

By BrianKate
Art by Lisa Yimm

Ollie-Ollie-Ox-On-Three!" That's what we'd cry, me and the neighbor kids, when we'd play hide-and-seek in each others' backyards. I never was that good at playing it as a kid. Now I feel like I'm playing the same game when I try to find other people who don't consider themselves typical boys and girls, or at least people who are open and accepting toward all this gender stuff.

Now it's a much more serious version of the game, real life, friendships and relationships... and I *still* don't know how to find the others.

I didn't have a head start. I knew I wasn't exactly boy or girl as early on as age four, but I didn't face it.

Back then I was the one doing the hiding. Hiding from my family, who still don't understand why I "have to be this way." Hiding from friends of the family, who told me "I hope you don't grow up to be one of these poor confused people

who want to change themselves." Hiding from the other kids in the school yard, the girls who only wanted a "real" girl to join in their games, as well as the boys waiting to kick a "sissy" ass. Hiding especially from myself.

While I was doing all this hiding, other people were learning how to interact with and get to know each other, learning how to play this big old Game of Life, Love and Relationships. I'd missed the beginning of the game; I'd sat out my head start.

I finally accepted myself as I am, as a neither, as a not-boy-not-girl, but it sure took me long enough. I went from being a kid who just didn't feel like telling anyone, to being an 11-year-old uncomfortable with my different gender, to being a teenager who'd internalized all the negative messages, finally believing every word I'd ever been told about how "wrong" I was.

I'd gone from not just fully understanding myself to actually hating myself.

I didn't realize there was nothing wrong with me until I was 16. I didn't start feeling comfortable with myself, actually liking and loving myself, as I am, as not being 100% boy or girl, until I was 18. I didn't tell a soul until a year later, and even then I could hardly find the words to tell even the people I cared most for. I didn't tell more than a handful, let alone the world, until I was about 21, 22.

By that point I'd already "changed" myself, just like I'd been warned I might. I'd changed myself physically by growing a pair of breasts, changed my gender by going from wanting to be a boy to wanting to be a girl to knowing, and accepting, and loving, that I'm not really either. No more running from myself. *Tag, you're It!*

I've finally accepted myself, and I'm okay with letting people know about myself, but I feel like I let an awful lot of time slip by. While I was so busy dealing with myself, so many other people were out there actually living, learning social skills, learning how to get to know each other, learning what a relationship is like and how to get into one. Now that I love myself, I want to find other people who'll love me too. But I don't know where to look.

I'm just looking for what other people want, some good friends who want to know me based on who I am, rather than my gender. I want someone to love me in some kind of romantic way. I already have a best friend, and a few other friends, but I want more than that.

The problem is that I don't know where to find any of this, or even where to start looking. I've already looked in the schools I've attended and still attend, the towns I've lived in, the straight, gay and gender communities, and I'm convinced that if the people I'm looking for are out there, they sure as hell are well-hidden. This definitely seems to be the situation when I look for other transgendered people, other people who don't see themselves as typical boys or girls. It's just like all those twilights I spent as a kid losing at hide-and-seek... Maybe they're under the bushes.

I used to think I was the only transperson who spent my childhood and half my adolescence hiding from everybody and myself. Now I've learned that I'm one of the lucky ones who got it together after only that long. Excepting my best friend Jamie, who was on a national talk show by 18, I'm one of the only ones I've met who is under 40. The average age for being public seems to be about late 30s, early 40s. So far, at half of the groups for gender stuff I've been to, at least half the people I met were going on 50 and just starting to be themselves.

Imagine feeling like you have to let that much of your life go by without even being able to really be yourself.

I'd say part of the blame for that does lie with society's pressure on everybody to be completely boy or girl, with no in-betweens or outsiders, but part of the blame is with us transpeople ourselves.

We still hide from each other. So many of us are still so afraid of even ourselves that we won't even have friends who are anything like us.

There is still so little cooperation in the gender community. I've seen so much of post-operative transsexuals, who got the whole sex change, looking down on pre-operatives who are still waiting to get the change, themselves looking down on non-operatives who don't want any operations, themselves looking down on drag queens, who in turn look down on "plain old cross-dressers," who then look down on those of us who just don't identify at all.

We need to stop doing this.

All us transpeople, regardless of whatever we consider ourselves, go through the same oppression from people who won't understand. We're *all* the unpopular kids on the playground, the ones the "cool" kids won't play with because we've got cooties.

We're the kids who end up playing on the unpopular end of the playground – you know, the end with the broken rides, the cracked pavement, the swings that creak and don't move that fast because nobody's oiled them in, oh, about 50 years or so. And we aren't going to get anywhere by ganging up on each other and saying, "I've got less cooties than you-oo, neener-neener-neener!"

We need to stop doing this.

We need to stop ganging up on each other.

We need to stop hiding from each other.

We need to start getting together and start cooperating, first as people, then as people who aren't your typical schoolboys, schoolgirls, or other school kids. Maybe then we can start claiming our place on the playground, and start playing, and start having fun.

Ollie-Ollie-Ox-On-Three! Come out, come out, wherever we are!

BrianKate says: "I am 24, live on East End Long Island, am about to get a Bachelor's in English, have my own magazine Sisial ("Whisper" in Welsh) and Web site (angelfire.com/ny/BrianKate). I'm a writer/poet and animal rights/anti-fur activist. I don't see myself as a man or a woman (also not quite gay or straight), and I'm somewhere between male and female (born with a penis but grew a lovely pair of breasts)." Email: DarkKate@yahoo.com.

To My Bisexual Brothers

by Wayne Bryant

illustration by Juba Kalamka

This article is adapted from an email I sent in response to a specific set of incidents on a bisexual email list to which I subscribe. The editors of Anything That Moves asked me to develop it into a more general piece suitable for their magazine. Some names have been deleted to protect those directly involved who, in any event, have probably learned and grown as a result of the incident.

I had just returned from a West Coast conference and two wonderful days in the country with someone I love and respect, to find my email inbox filled with a series of posts on a topic I didn't like being reminded about, a topic that I would have preferred to banish with the spam, so I wouldn't have to deal with it.

I don't like being reminded that as a white, middle-class male in a movement with lots of other white, middle-class males, it is very easy to take my privilege in this society and in this community. It is easy to do so and not even notice your privilege. And it is easy, when called on it, to fail to acknowledge that it exists. It is very easy to be sexist and racist and classist, all the while denying it. It is very easy to say that I understand what women/people of color/poor people experience. But it's a lie.

I have never been a woman in America. I have never been a black man in America. I have never been a poor adult in America. I have never been an immigrant in America. I have never been a Puerto Rican child in America. I have never been a person enslaved to drugs or alcohol. I have not yet lived as an old person in this country. I have never been confined to a worthless dustbowl of a place because minerals were discovered under my ancestral home. I have never been a woman in the world. And to say that I truly understand what a woman in this world goes through is just foolish.

The situation the posts revolved around involved a woman telling a male that she wasn't comfortable with his posted comments. In his response to her, he told her, "Have a good day. Hope nobody tries to grab you when you walk down the street."

When I read his initial comment to my friend and sister activist, it seemed inappropriate for the list, which was focused on activist issues rather than social conversation. I might have let it go, but her "smarm alarm" is set more sensitively than mine. There are probably good reasons for that, and it's not my job to question them. Brothers, trust me on

this: There is not one bisexual woman on the Internet who does not get slimy emails from men. It is a fact of life for women - like the threat of rape, the daily reality of sexism, the use of misogyny to sell products, and receiving less pay than your male peers.

A negative reaction to any mail with the appearance of sliminess should not come as a big surprise. It's an incredible annoyance (one among many) that women have to deal with on a regular basis and that men, in general, do not. And they get pretty tired of it.

Brothers, the proper response to having your slime level questioned is to first check your own assumptions and actions. Have you taken your privilege in this situation and do you deserve to be called on it? If not, then a response like, "Sorry. I didn't mean it that way. Here's what I meant..." will probably go a long way toward setting the situation right.

The proper response is not to take great personal offense because someone dared to question your motives. The proper response is not to flame back with a condescending and/or dismissive comment, and certainly not to respond by evoking the kind of violence women live with every day: "Have a good day. Hope nobody tries to grab you when you walk down the street." What kind of bullshit is that from someone who is trying to convince people he's not sexist? How do you know that the woman you're addressing hasn't already been grabbed while walking down the street? I know for absolute fact that other women on the list have been assaulted while walking down the street. This kind of comment goes way beyond slimy.

Brothers, every day we take our privilege in ways we don't even notice. When I see a comment like, "Rachel, you are correct", it makes me wonder what it is about his dick that makes this man the arbiter of who is right and who is wrong. How about "Rachel, I agree with you"? Or in the case of one bi male activist who was notorious for beginning every email response with "You're wrong!" how about saying, "I disagree with you"? Because, believe it or not, we men don't always have all the answers. We don't always know all the facts. We haven't lived in other people's circumstances. And a lot of what we believe is just our own opinions, or ones that a sexist, racist, classist, ablist, homophobic world has stuffed into our heads and we have not yet questioned.



When a bisexual brother says to a woman, "You have to let people be able to come on to you," I wonder what makes him believe he has the right to say that. Does he believe that the women in this movement are here for his pleasure? "I want to wave my sex in your face, and you have to take it." What an incredibly arrogant thing to say!

Bisexual brothers, what women say about us is that we see other men abusing women and we do nothing about it. And I know that what they're saying is true, because I've done it myself. I have sat there and watched abuse happen, hoping that the man will just stop. Frankly, it's a pain in my ass to always have to be talking to other men to get them to stop annoying or intimidating women in the network. But if it's a pain for me, and I can walk away from it or turn my head, then imagine what it's like for the women whose only choices are to continually take it, to stand alone against someone the men are afraid to face down, or to walk away from the one organization that purports to represent them, and lose their community.

As other women have testified, however, men sometimes do take their brothers aside to "educate" them or, if the education doesn't take, to send them away. I've seen Pete and Bearpaw and others in the Boston community do it. I've had to swallow my fear and have a man-to-man talk more than a couple of times at BiCamp. I am afraid when I do it, because I know that men who bully women are not above seeking revenge on those who challenge them, but we have to stand up and make the community a safe place for everyone. If that means having an uncom-

fortable conversation with one of your brothers who desperately needs it, then do it. If you're not the person who initiates that conversation, be the first person there to back him up. It's not so scary when we stand together against sexism and misogyny.

Lastly, bisexual brothers, here's a shocking piece of news to mull over — women talk. They talk about who is not safe to be around, what situations feel uncomfortable, and which organizations are not welcoming. If you earn yourself a personal reputation for making women feel unsafe, if you fail to speak up when a woman is obviously being made to feel uncomfortable at a meeting, if you insist on having your way all the time, if you take the credit while the women do all the work, if you are dismissive of women who point out that something the organization is doing might be perceived as sexist, if you don't appreciate the contribution of women in the group, word *will* get around. Women will stop coming to your events. They won't work on projects with you. They won't serve on a board with you.

If you want to have a bisexual men's network, just form one. Save everyone else the grief. Otherwise, be an activist in working with your bisexual brothers and help to make this a safe community for everyone.

Wayne Bryant is a writer, software consultant, and bisexual activist who lives in the Boston area with two cats and his lover of 27 years. He is the author of Bisexual Characters in Film and is currently working on a book of bisexual quotations.

Postcards From The Middle #2: Arizona

*H*i all! Greetings from Tucson, Arizona.

I'm slowly meandering my way across the Southwest and meeting members of the queer community as I go. Where-

too stunned by that particular incarnation of the American dream to actually talk to anybody), and now Arizona.

I hit Phoenix a couple of days ago and met the people of the gay community center there (and yes, they called it the *gay* community center), and I have been in Tucson since

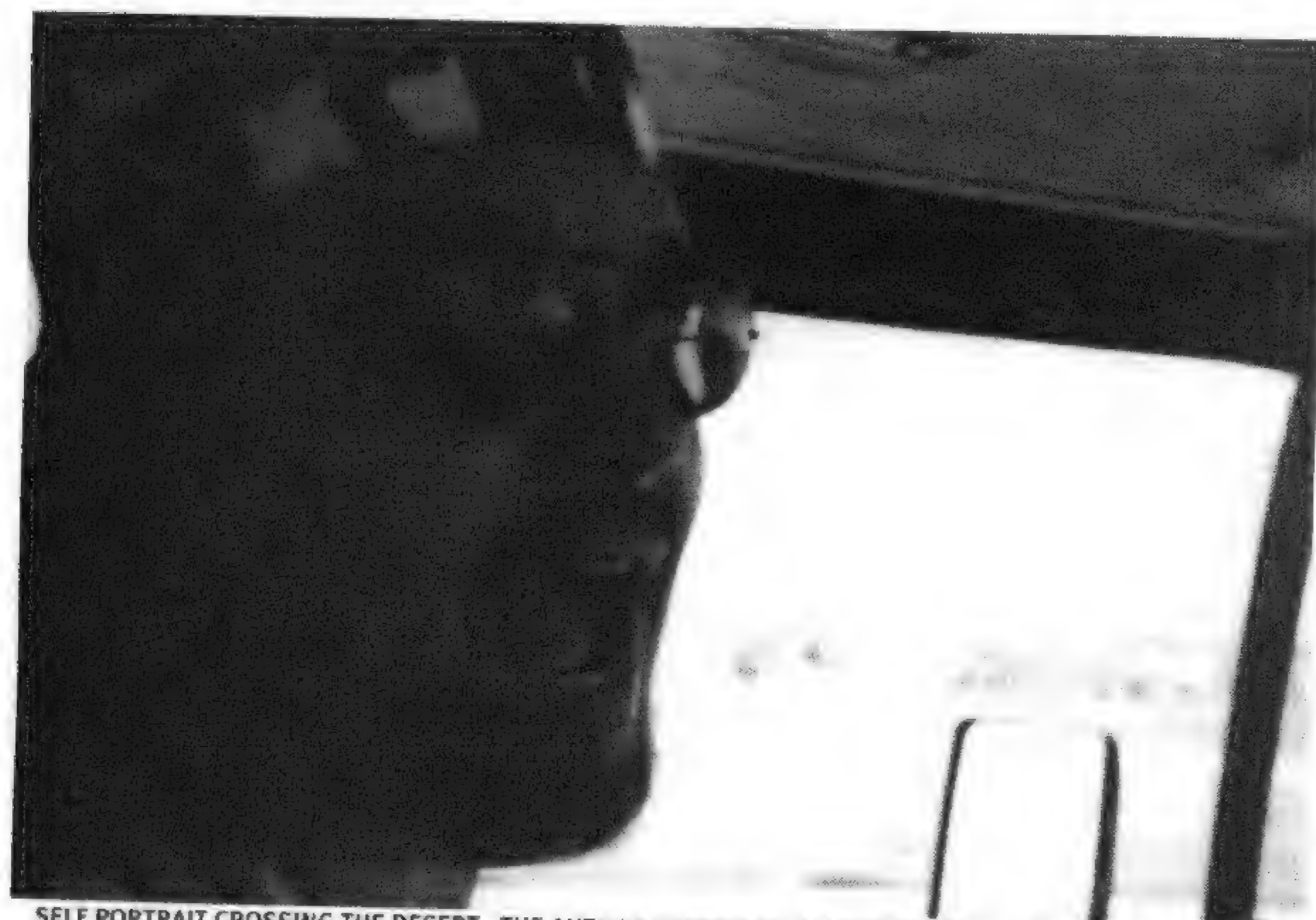
yesterday hanging out in a queer coffee house (Rainbow Planet Cafe) and the BGLT center here. I also went to a gay male AA meeting and then out to dinner with two FtMs last night.

I have a confession to make. After spending an evening in the Phoenix community center, I've come to realize that I don't like most gay men all that much. Believe me, this comes as just as big a shock to me as it probably does to you, but let me explain.

I spoke to various people as they came through the door in Phoenix, and I slowly gathered a picture of a fragmented, insular community that is divided strictly along gender lines. The guy behind the counter manning the

hotline (Mark, age 44, came out after a divorce five years ago) seemed very uncomfortable with the word "queer" as a way to describe himself and said that he just wanted to be gay.

When I asked him about bisexuals, he told me that he had



SELF PORTRAIT CROSSING THE DESERT. THE AUTHOR EXPRESSES HIS SHOCK AT THE ATTITUDES OF GAY MEN.

ever my trusty *Spartacus Guide* lists a big pile of bars or a community center, I have been stopping and hanging out for a day or so in order to get to know the locals.

I think I wrote in my last update about Los Angeles, and since then I have been to Las Vegas (in which I was just

dated a few, but decided that he wanted a relationship and so didn't want to date any more married men. He also claimed not to have ever seen a transgender person in his life. Hard to believe that someone who lives in the gay community of a city as big as the entire Bay Area has never met anyone transgender.

While I was there I listened to him field three or four calls, all of which were from other gay men who were just in town and wanted to know what bar to go to to find the kind of guys they wanted to pick up. He showed me a map of 27 gay bars (two of them strictly lesbian) and two bath houses in and around the city, and described the physical traits of the average clientele in the ones he had been to.

Like everyone I met there (and I talked to everyone in the building for at least a moment), he seemed eager to help me get laid but just didn't want to talk in any serious way about his community.

Tucson is a little different. For one thing there is something like an actual queer neighborhood here (North Fourth Avenue) and the community center is prominently labeled "Wingspan. Gay, Lesbian, Bisexual, Transgendered Community Center."

Inside, a giant wall of photographs depicts 100 different examples of non-traditional families. The people on staff were Henry and Mike, with whom I ended up having dinner. They told me that my sense of Phoenix was pretty much what they thought of it, but that it had the only BDSM organization in Arizona (APEX, Arizona Power EXchange).

I saw both FtMs and MtFs on the street as well as lots of tattooed, gender-bent kids that would have fit right in on Valencia or the Haight in San Francisco.

After hanging out for a while I went to the AA meeting (everybody knows I used to be a drunk and a junkie, right? Good, let's move on) and listened to the men talk about sex and sobriety.

Wow! Talk about your perfect topic to find out about community attitudes!

Wow! Talk about your retrograde, gay-stereotype, male privilege attitudes! Golly!

Actually, the guys were nice and a couple of them even offered me a place to crash. I turned them down as politely as I could since I wanted to be able to write and to monop-

olize the phone connection to check e-mail, but my overall impression was of a friendly, liberal city with very nice people. Henry and Mike later told me that they even have a non-discrimination ordinance that includes sexual *and* gender orientation.

Well, gang, my limited experience of the queer community in America on this trip so far leads me to think that the real problem we are having, or at least will have, is this increasing separatism.

As the AIDS crisis is perceived to fade a little, gay men everywhere are reconstructing a segregated lifestyle that resembles nothing so much as

a huge and ongoing frat party. Lesbians here, I'm told, are once again openly debating the patriarchal implications of sexual penetration and saying that men should have no place in their lives.

Somewhere in the middle are all us bi and/or poly people and our tranny friends.

The good news is that this seems to break along generational lines. Younger people are more likely to consider themselves queer and to at least honor an inclusive rhetoric, sometimes a lifestyle.

I think that we at *ATM* need to address this issue in some way. The queer world is changing and I for one want to try to be a voice for inclusivity, community, and understanding. There will always be those who will use whatever small privilege society allows to leverage a safe place for themselves and their tiny group and abandon the rest, but I don't want to be one of those people.

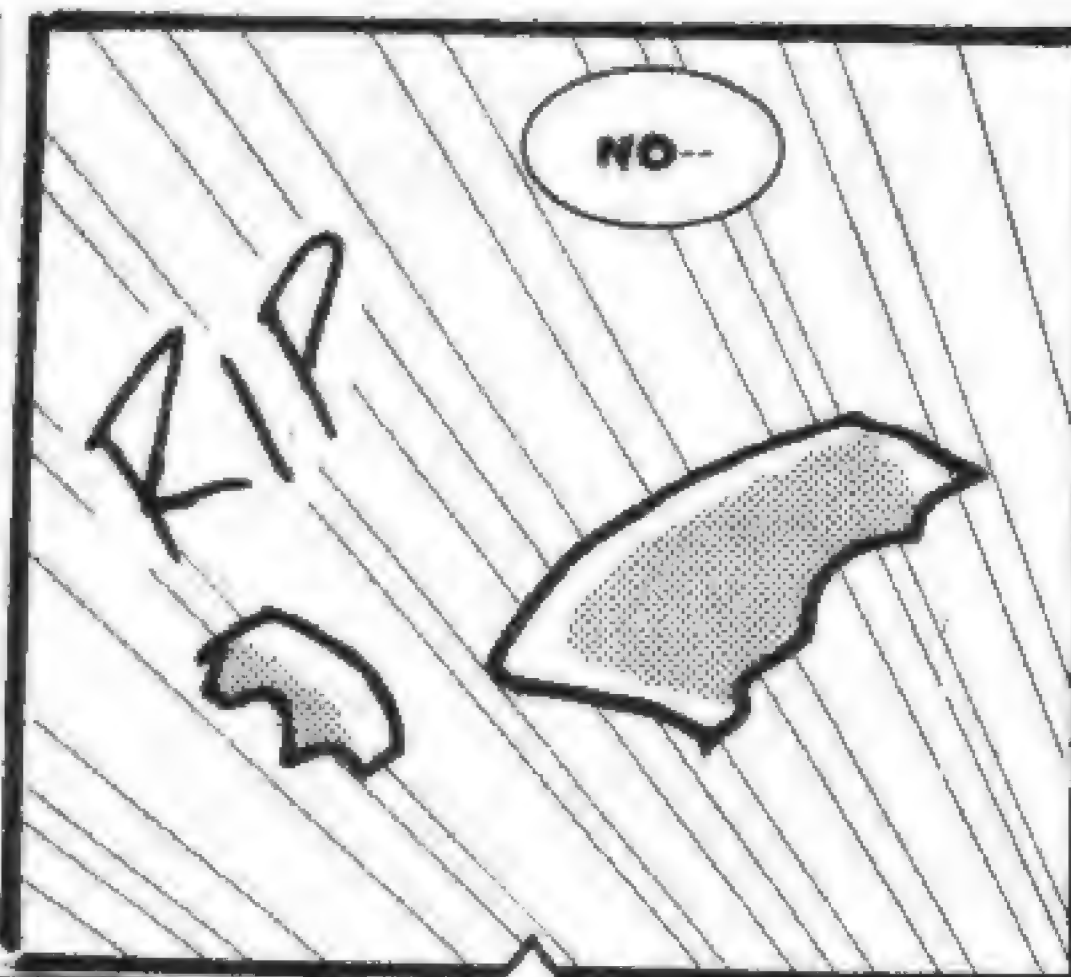
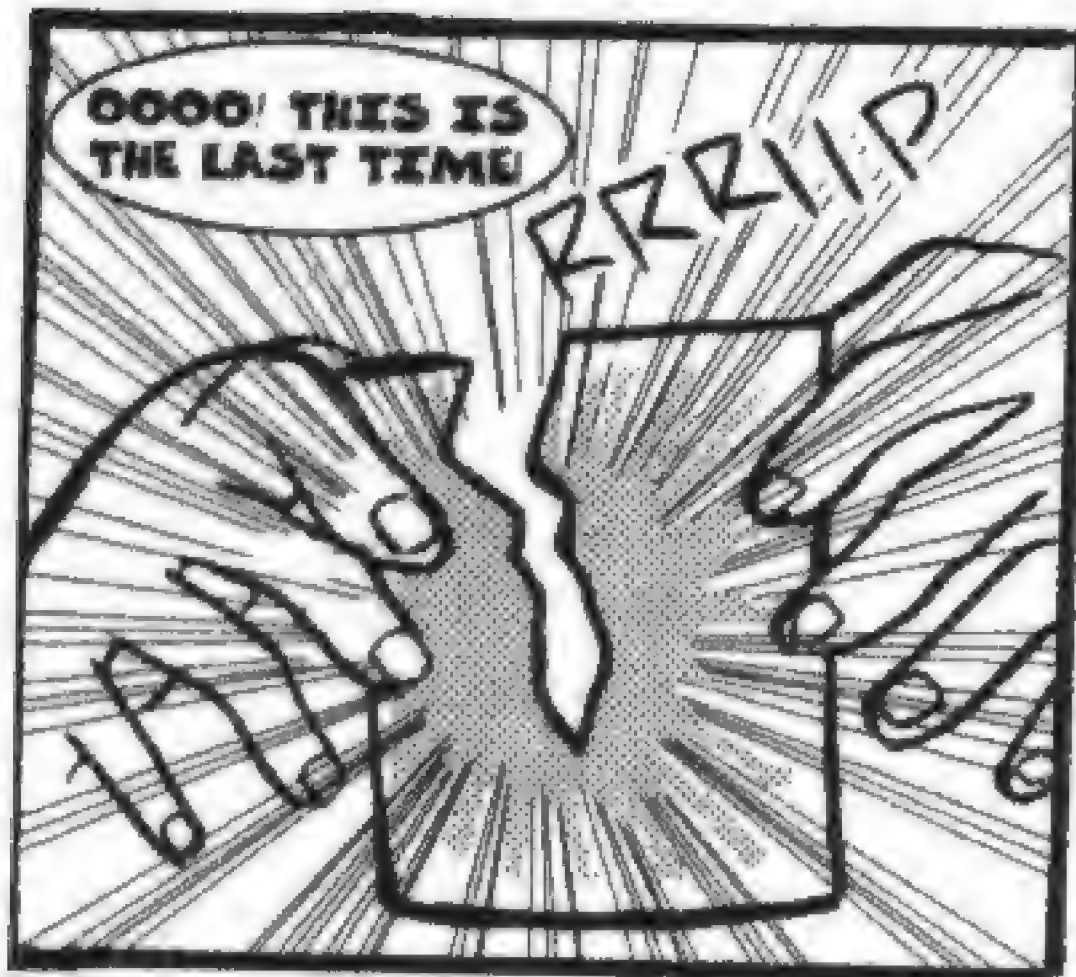
We have to remember that conformity, assimilation, invisibility, and the closet are all the same thing in the end.

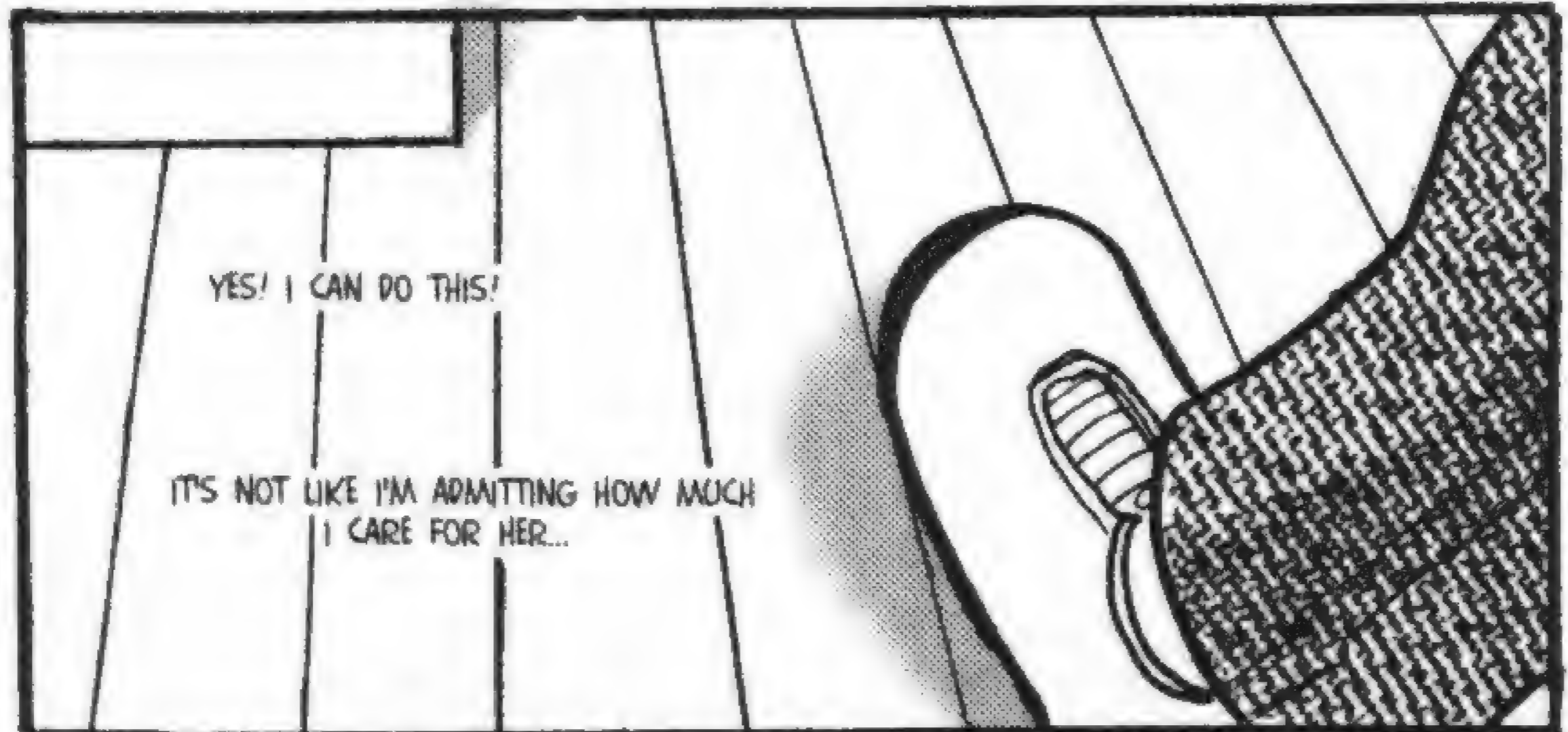
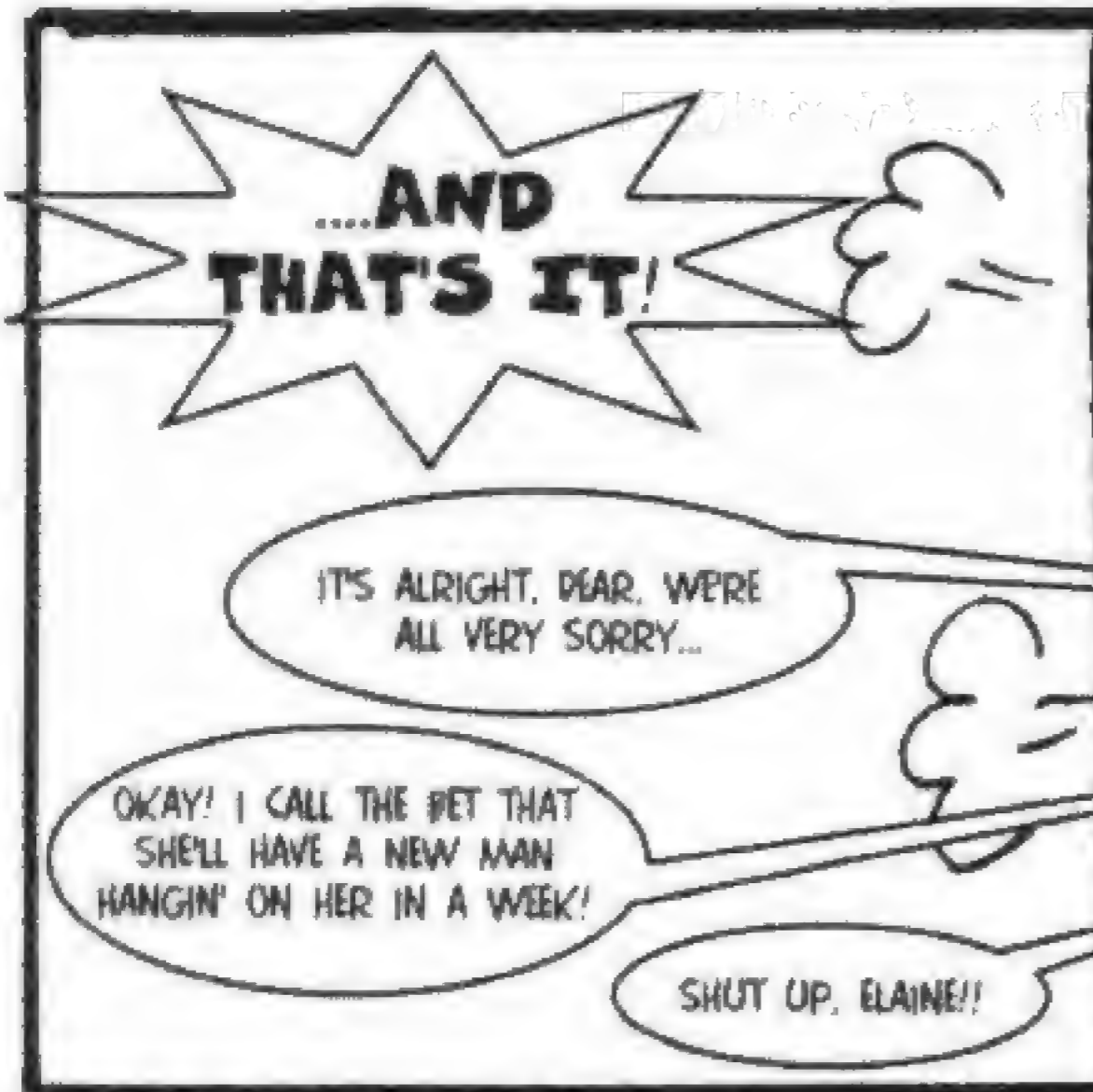
Diversity is the only thing that can keep us alive and vibrant throughout this new century, and I think that we should continue to do our part to create it in our community.

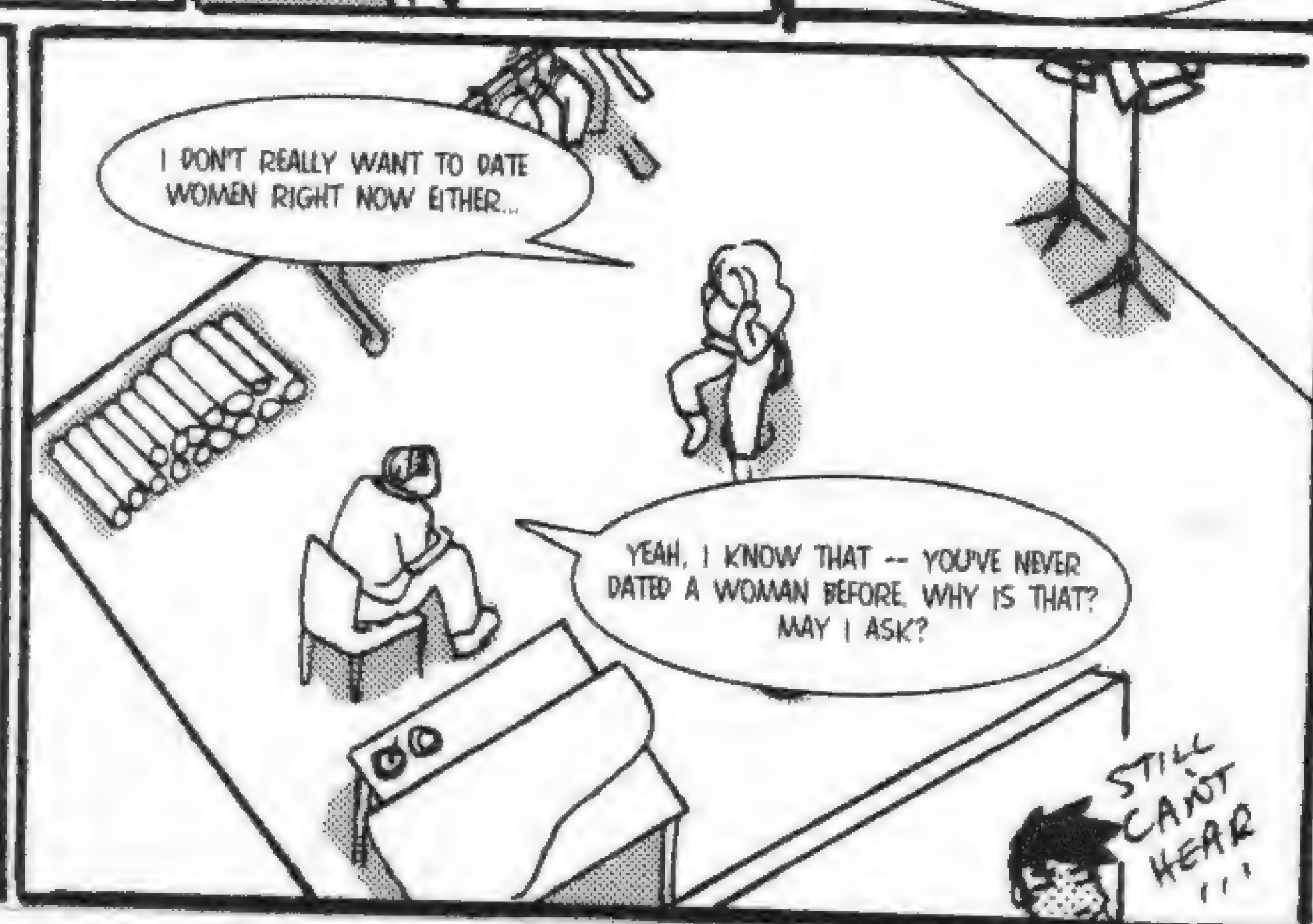
Lost in America,

Jack









Drama Club is Anything That Moves new serial comic by artist and illustrator Tre Williams. For more great art, you can also check out her



Confessions of a Has-Bian

by G.L. Morrison

Has-bian. A lesbian who has “jumped the fence”, gone over, got involved with a man. The word comes from an Alix Dobkin song. I laughed as I sat at a table with my ex-lover listening to Dobkin spout “labels for lesbians” that she had collected from around the world and squeezed into funny, contagious, and highly singable rhyme. But at the same time as I laughed, a cold chill seized me. My ex gave me a knowing look: That’s you.

Among friends, I joke that I’m a fallen lesbian/reluctant bisexual. It’s the sort of humor edged with hostility — and the sort of answer that doesn’t please anyone, and most importantly, not even myself.

Lesbian? I feel that I’m losing some integral hard-won part of myself by letting go of that word. For 15 years, all the things I liked best about myself I had stored in a box with that word LESBIAN written on it big and bold. It linked me to the past (Joan of Arc, Sappho*, Gertrude Stein) and the future (generations of unborn baby dykes). It was political. It was personal. For me, it was almost a racial identification — it cut across barriers of class, age, ethnicity. It made family out of total strangers.

For a while, I thought this relationship with a man was purely experimental, not the creeping vine of permanency that’s

wiggled its roots into every corner of my life, and I tried not to think about it. Tried not to face the dichotomy: I was a *lesbian* sleeping with a *man*. Wait! There’s a word for that... it was on the tip of my tongue... And then, as my best-friendship-made-sexual solidified around me like crazy glue, I remembered the word: *bisexual*.

Me? Bisexual? I had a healthy amount of biphobia, a Frankenstein’s monster of my own making.

I started building my monster when I came out as bisexual at age 11. From then until age 17, this got me a lot of dates... with boys. While they thought my interest in girls was “gross” (this was in the days before lesbian chic), they were intrigued by my “sexual openness” — you may translate that as my “willingness to have sex”. And so I had sex. A lot of different sex with a lot of different boys/men.

At that time, my bisexuality was a phase, a misunderstanding, sprung from the belief that every woman had a short walk from under the thumb of her oppressive, sexually abusive father into the arms of her oppressive, domineering husband. After all, men were all women’s biological destiny. Women were men’s property. Men were a non-choice. You didn’t choose to be with men or not to be with men — you just chose *which* man.

But I wanted girls. Very much. I begged and pleaded with my girl friends. I arranged blindfolded kissing games at parties — to the mutual delight of a closeted queer boy in my high school band. I once literally chased a sleepover pal around the bed. When I finally caught one of those girls, I came out as a lesbian, and I never looked back.

What a relief, I thought, when my new biology — lesbianism — freed me. Men became irrelevant. I had friends of many genders and transgenders, but romantically men weren’t a

* Bisexuals also claim Sappho, and transgendered people often claim Joan of Arc, as their own. What you see depends on the lens — and the eye — you are looking through.



choice or a non-choice. They were simply someone else's problem, someone else's fascination.

Me? Bisexual? A rage still runs under all my skin like a flame. I'm angry, very angry to be defined through my connection to a man. My association with that man, one man, changes everything I know about myself, reinvents what I am? It's almost like having your gender involuntarily reassigned to Mrs.

The Kinsey scale has always enraged me. Nothing in heaven or earth could make me a Kinsey six, not on my most lesbian-separatist day (and talk about "gold star lesbians" makes my blood boil). Any inkling of hetero dabbling pushes you away from the edge of the homo pool. It's a straight (pun intended) strict line from zero to six with no accounting for nonconsensual experiences or compulsory heterosexuality.

And compulsory heterosexuality is what we're all taught. 1) There is only heterosexuality. 2) Everyone is heterosexual. 3) You are heterosexual. This is reinforced with movies, television, bedtime stories, religion, and selective history in school that both omits the queerness of historical figures or "invents" a heterosexual love interest for them.

Examples: Emily Dickinson, Pres. James Buchanan, Christopher Columbus (and his invented "courtly love" with Queen Isabella, which both dismisses the Queen's power and intellect — i.e., she did it for love, not ambition or profit — as well as masks evidence that Chris was gay). The best school lies are both heterocentrist and misogynist. Many of Emily Dickinson's biographers link her romantically to a male editor with whom she carried on a long correspondence, but ignore her letters to women filled with graphic sexual references and deep feeling. The only unmarried president, James Buchanan, also had graphic pen pals. One affectionately called him "Betsy".

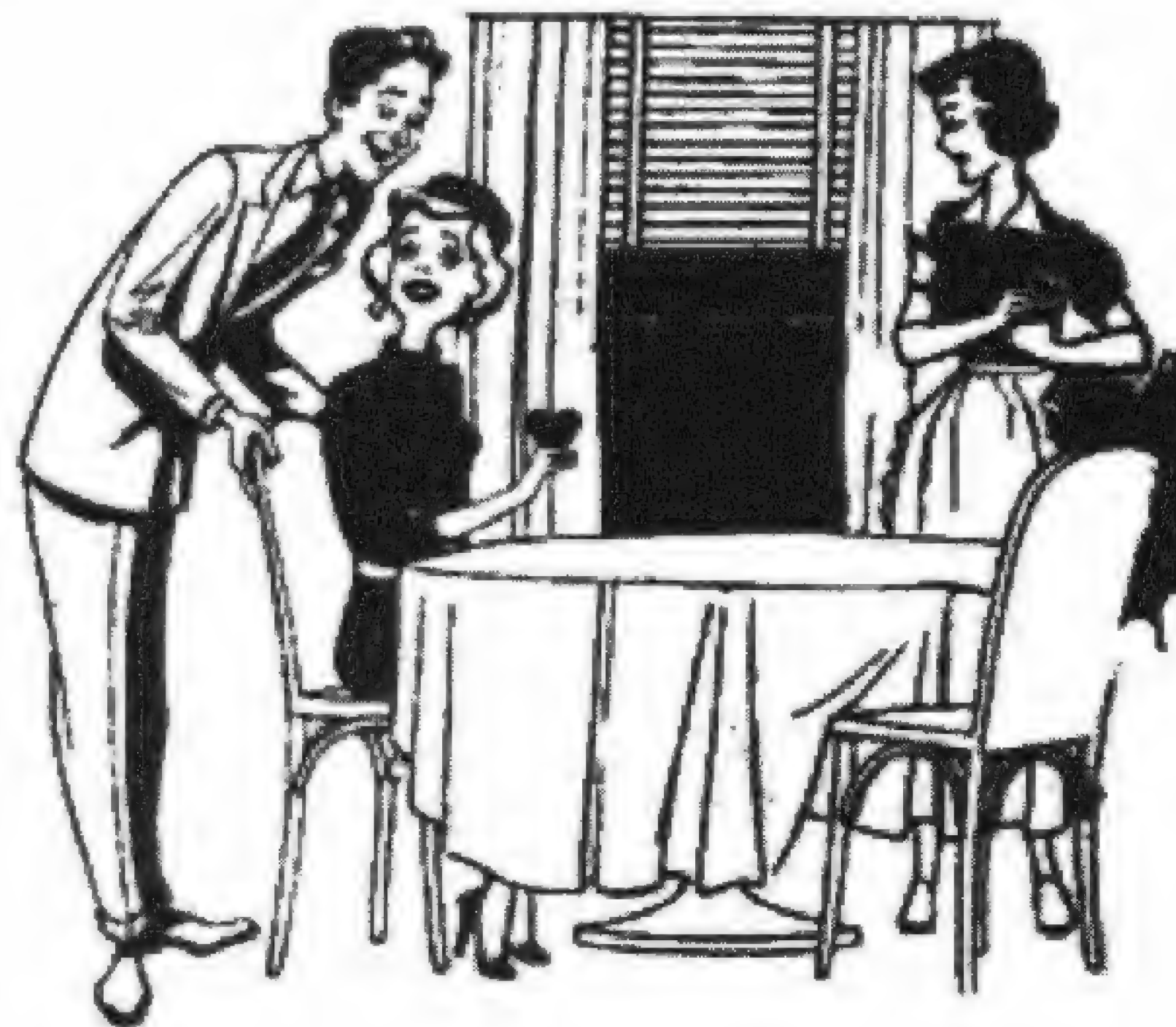
Of course, Emily might fall under that second historian's trick, using an actual heterosexual love interest or partner to distract from and erase same-sex loves. Examples: Shakespeare. Eleanor Roosevelt. Nathaniel Hawthorne. Herman Melville. I know you can think of others; I just have a penchant for writers. Compulsory heterosexuality does not accept bisexuality as a possibility. Nathaniel and Herman had wives — that proves their relationship was platonic!

Fortunately, society isn't our only teacher, and we come to learn by innuendo, example or personal experience to question the three rules of compulsory heterosexuality. As you grow, they evolve to better oppress you. Now the rules are: 1) There are only heterosexuality and homosexuality. All or nothing. 2) Everyone who is not heterosexual is going to hell. 3) You don't want to go to hell, do you?

If you are reading this magazine, you've pretty much chucked those rules and written your own. Rule Number One probably doesn't start with "there are only". How can we begin to

number the possible combinations and sexualities when gender is no longer binary and monogamy isn't assumed? Rule Number Two: Everyone is? I don't know what to say about "everyone"; I've never met her. In the last few years, I keep watching all my collective blocks of ice melt into puddles of individuals. My lesbian ice has melted into butches and femmes and neithers and lesbians who sleep with men and lesbians who are becoming men. Which brings us to Rule Number Three: You. How do you define yourself?

Me? Bisexual? My bisexual friends rushed up to greet with me with congratulations because I'd "seen the light" and now



I knew that lesbians and gay men were only fooling themselves or are just sexually repressed, because *all* people are bisexual. Right? Wrong. All people are not anything. It's our differences which make us interesting.

I'm sure many lesbian friends and ex-lovers also think I was fooling myself, secretly hiding my bisexual desires all those years. Ironically, it was my straight male friends who took "my change" the hardest. Three good friends were stricken that I hadn't chosen them! We were so close, surely it was only my lesbianism that kept us from being soulmates. Removing that "obstacle" left them feeling cheated and betrayed. It never ceases to amaze me how entitled men feel to women — even men with great politics. All but one of those friendships survived. I suspect they're still a little baffled that although I'm non-monogamous and have broken the no-man barrier, my lesbianism still keeps me from falling into bed with them. I don't *want* them. I don't want *men*. And I'm not sleeping with anyone as a Band-Aid to a bruised ego.

See "Has-bian" (p.20)

"Hes-bien" (from p.19)

I chose *one* man. There was nothing "missing" from my life as a lesbian. My lesbianism wasn't a phase leading to this final stage of evolution. I've always chosen my friends more carefully than my lovers. (It's that teenaged chauvinist deep down inside me who is more attracted to a woman's wiggle than her politics.) I chose to get involved with a friend. A "boy" friend. There's a longer, tortured version of the story that brought me to make that choice, but too much explaining always sounds like an apology. This relationship is too good to apologize for.

This relationship, this choice, changes everything. It changed me. I don't look around any more when we're kissing in the park or holding hands to see who might see, who might want to beat us up. I'd been in lesbian relationships my whole adult life; looking over my shoulder became second nature. I've been in this relationship long enough to take heterosexual privilege for granted.

Other changes? I've been socially isolated, mostly self-imposed. My lesbian friends were surprisingly supportive when I gave them the chance to be, but they didn't call me. I stayed away, feeling awkward and uncertain about who I was and where I was welcome. When I was ready to come back I was welcomed everywhere. A tenet of good feminism, they insisted, was every woman's right to choose who she loved without judgement or condemnation. And I promised myself to never start a story with the word "my boyfriend".

It's harder finding women to date. All my bisexual women friends always complained about this. Fortunately, I already had the experience of being in open lesbian relationships. Being poly makes it hard to find someone. They're all holding out for monogamy. Frankly, *everyone* has trouble finding women. I know plenty of lonely, monogamous lesbians. Men are easier to find. I can't take a bus ride or a walk across town without collecting at least three propositions. But I don't want men. I didn't want men in high school, although I liked the status, gifts and motorcycle rides that came with them. I want them even less now. I have one man. I'm already over my personal quota.

Me? Bisexual? Men are not my nature. Whether biological or environmental, I'm keyed for women. But we're not slaves to our biology. Just because a woman is *capable* of having a child doesn't mean she will or should. We make choices. I've come full circle, from non-choice to choice. In the queer community, we're against choice — it's politically bad news. We've committed ourselves to the legal strategy that being BGLT is the same as being non-white or handicapped: We shouldn't be discriminated against because we can't help what we are. Legal rights are based on precedents. We want to be able to utilize the civil rights advances that are in place or in motion, not reinvent the wheel.

So we minimize our differences from other movements. We minimize our differences from straights. We claim to want marriage, apple pie and Mom. I don't want marriage. I've fought too

long to keep the government out of my bedroom to jump on the bandwagon inviting them in. I prefer cream pies: coconut cream, banana cream. And I'd have to see your Mom to know if I want her.

I like choice. For me sexuality, transgender issues, and abortion rights all boil down to the same question. Who decides what you can do to and with your body — you, or that unholy union of Church and State, the right Rev. Uncle Sam (a.k.a. Jesse Helms, Newt Gingrich, Rush Limbaugh)? I like choice. I choose justice for justice's sake, not entitlement based on similarities to those already entitled.

Me? Bisexual? Yes and no. This is my one and only man. If this doesn't work out — I have every reason and three years' experience to believe it will work — I won't do it again.

You don't believe me. You find you're a little offended. Fallen lesbian/reliant bisexual: As if lesbianism is a state of grace and bisexuality is something terrible to be avoided. What's wrong with wanting men? Nothing. But I don't. I'm telling you something I know about myself. I resist the word bisexual because it simplifies a choice that is complicated. Sex between a straight man and a lesbian is hard work. It's good work, loving and trusting. But three years later, it's not any easier. Nor is answering the question "who am I?" It doesn't come naturally. Often, our cultural barriers seem insurmountable. We're strangers in strange lands. He gets used to being visible, the only man at lesbian concerts, movies, poetry readings. I get used to being invisible, the irritating approval of waitresses in restaurants, the pervasive assumption of heterosexuality that — *ohmygawd* — actually fits this relationship.

Bisexuality is an umbrella that has to stretch to fit almost all people at one time or another. Those people who only dip under it to get out of the rain on their way to some other destination, straight or gay, are likely to dismiss it as a temporary phenomenon. The complicated truth is that for some it is. But bisexuality is a huge umbrella, big enough to cover little dippers, biological imperatives, political choices and personal choices.

I'm grateful for a lesbian community that has been caring and supportive. People go out of their way to make him feel comfortable at those all-women-but-him events. But I need something more. I don't want to be always a visitor, a tourist in the land of heterosexuals or a tour guide in the kingdom of lesbians. I want to make a home someplace where we both belong, simultaneously, mutually inclusive. I want to map new territory. I want to find my tribe: bisexuals-like-me, bisexuals-not-like-me, the 50-50 bisexuals, 90-10 bisexuals, 99-1 bisexuals. I want to know I'm not alone.

G.L. Morrison is a righteous, leftist, polyamorous, award-winning writer and poet. Her writing appears in numerous magazines and anthologies including: The Advocate, Loving More, and Best Women's Erotica 2001. Her muse is fueled by Dr. Pepper and social injustice. She is part of a committed triad looking to become a hexagon. Interested parties apply within.

FUCK YOUR NIPPLE ALLIGATORS

By Charles Anders

Illustrations by Michael Moss

I kept saying it all SF Pride weekend: "Why can't the queer scene be more like this the rest of the time?" Especially on Pink Saturday, when the Sisters of Perpetual Indulgence and a few zillion ecstatic queers turned Castro Street into the world's best block party, I felt accepted and lusted after, those two essential human needs.

On Pink Saturday, I wore a pink satin tunic, peach microskirt and red shoes. And fairly tasteful makeup.

Men kept cruising me or saying things like "You go, girl!" I basked in all the male attention.

The weird thing was, I'd worn that exact same outfit in the Castro many times before. Those other times, I'd felt invisible. Men hadn't dared make eye contact, much less cruise me. It's not just the Castro, either; in most gay spaces, I usually flit spectre-like among the buzzcut, tanktop and jeans crowd. Most of the PWP's (persons with penises) I end up fooling around with are bi and/or transgender.

But this isn't just about my success, or lack thereof, at picking up gay boys. It's more to do with the queer movement's utter failure to confront gender stuff. It doesn't just isolate transgender people who are endangered by their visibility. It also leaves bisexuals on the front lines alone, and it leaves the root of homophobia robust while many queer activists attack the branches.

What it all comes down to is privilege: who has it, who wants it, and what they're willing to do for it.

You learned it in junior high, if not earlier: privilege belongs to those who conform. I remember when the right haircut and an Izod alligator shirt was my ticket to, if not popularity, at least not getting the crap beaten out of me for being "gay." Everybody remembers one outcast in junior high who dissed his outcast friends after he got a chance to join the "in" crowd.

America offers all kinds of privilege. I win the lottery by being white and from a solid middle class background. Much of the time, I don't quite qualify as male in a lot of people's eyes any more. Class privilege, of course, is the great American secret because we pretend everyone's really middle class.



See "Nipple Alligators" (p.22)

"Nipple Alligators", from p.21

Bisexuals used to be on the wrong side of arguments about privilege. Remember "het privilege?" I don't hear it very much any more, but it used to be the catchphrase used to explain why bisexuals couldn't play the queer community's reindeer games. The idea was that because we were capable of having opposite-sex relationships and even marrying, we could cling to society's good graces by pretending to be straight.

Having actually been married, I can tell you that it's not a privilege to have people look at your primary relationship and see a "wronged woman" because you also want to do boys. A lot of well-meaning liberals can accept a single gay man a lot more readily than a married bi man, which is one reason so many bi marrieds hide in the closet.

But I'm willing to admit for the record that a ton of bi people do hide behind opposite-sex primary partners for public consumption. In return, I'd like the queer movement to face up to its gender crisis.

I'm not just talking about the fact that transgender people feel excluded from mainstream queer organizations. Or the fact that men-seeking-men personal ads in most alternative weekly newspapers are crammed with guys seeking "straight-acting" (read: gender-stereotyped) men. I'm talking about the broader issue of Izod shirts, and who's wearing them.

As Michael Warner points out in *The Trouble With Normal: Sex, Politics, and the Ethics of Queer Life*, the queer movement seeks to expand the privilege of marriage to include queers, instead of working to dismantle the concept of granting privileges to certain relationships over others. This is just a microcosm of the queer movement's choices in general.

Unlike Keith Bowers (last issue "Out of the Closet, Into The Shopping Bag") I don't blame commercialism for the mainstreaming of queerness. Nor do I believe there's any such thing as "gay culture" that's being diluted. Gay people were raised in the same culture straight people were. We all grew up watching *He-Man and the Masters of the Universe* on TV, even if only some boys thought He-Man was dreamy.

I do believe the queer movement is ducking the big questions about homophobia and gender. The movement's central messages of "we're just like you" and "we didn't choose to be like this" are aimed at carving out a piece of normality, like the kid in junior high who just wanted to join the cool crowd.

The problem with that strategy isn't just that it leaves out those of us who aren't just like you and who do have a choice about whom we fuck. The problem is that it ignores the roots

of homophobia, which lie in gender. Straight people don't just hate queers for what they like to do in bed, they hate them for breaking the gender code.

Queer activists I know say that virtually all hate crimes against gay men target guys who don't appear sufficiently masculine. And transsexuals who've been attacked often report hearing anti-gay slurs from their attackers.

Your butchest gay man is as much a gender traitor as your frilliest drag queen. A million "straight-acting" guys who only sleep with other "straight-acting" guys will still push society's gender buttons because they're flouting a big part of what society says men are about. But it's scary to admit you're busting the boy/girl axis.

So the movement leaves transgender people in danger alone. Trannies are the most visible on the streets, unless we knock ourselves out trying to "pass."

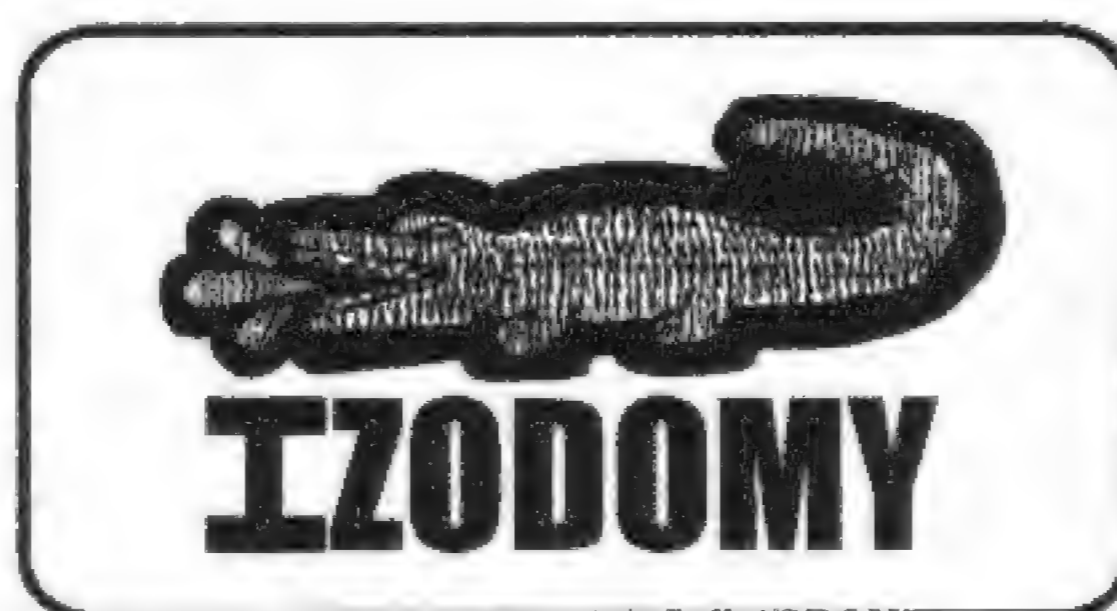
GenderPAC says roughly one transgender person is killed per month on the streets. Just this March, 29-year-old Francisco Javier Luna was found in a parking lot in downtown Houston, dead from multiple gunshot wounds.

Last year, the transgender movement encountered a tomb-like silence from the mainstream media and queer groups after Amanda Milan had her throat slit near the Port Authority in New York. Reports say cab drivers and other onlookers cheered while Milan choked to death on her own blood. A friend of mine believed this story must be a hoax because he'd heard no mention of it. He actually called the New York Lesbian and Gay Community Center and spoke to someone who said the story was true, but that the queer media hadn't picked it up because "transgender issues aren't gay issues."

And relations between BGLT groups and transsexuals, in particular, took heavy damage from remarks by old-line activist Jim Fouratt at New York Pride. Fouratt accused transsexuals of being gays and lesbians overcome by "self-body hatred" and coerced into mutilating themselves.

Most of all, the queer movement had a wake-up call in the case of Barry Winchell, a soldier murdered by two gay-bashing fellow soldiers. Some activist groups were outraged when the *New York Times Magazine* reported that those activists had purposely concealed the fact that Winchell's partner was a male-to-female transsexual, Calpernia Addams. To keep the true gender of Winchell's partner out of reports, the activists snubbed her. They invited Winchell's mother, but not his partner, to address the Millennium March on Washington.

Apparently, those activists believed that their narrative of a



gay soldier killed for his sexual preference would be muddled by the admission that Addams was a woman. Indeed, in many people's eyes, dating a male-to-female transsexual would make Winchell a straight man by default.

"They're all missing the fucking boat," says my gay friend Ted. "That soldier wasn't killed because he was gay, but because he was *queer*." Society says guys are supposed to love women who were born with the right equipment, and Barry Winchell was queer because he broke that taboo.

Just after the *Times* reported the truth about Winchell, we received a reminder that the queer movement wasn't always that way. Seattle's Faygele benMiriam died June 7, and justly received tribute for being a gay activist. BenMiriam filed two ground-breaking lawsuits, one seeking the right to marry his male partner and one challenging his firing from the federal government based on sexual identity. (He won the discrimination suit at the Supreme Court but lost the marriage suit.) A flamboyant crossdresser who wore dresses to work, benMiriam was credited with helping Seattle get its own queer community center and producing the first gay country-and-western album, *Lavender Country*.

I get the impression that among benMiriam's generation, it wasn't unusual for gay leaders to push the gender membranes. Just look at Jose Sarria, a.k.a. the Empress Norton, a female impersonator who became San Francisco's first openly gay supervisor.

So to me it feels we've taken a step backwards — from welcoming people like benMiriam and Sarria among the most prominent queer activists to seeing today's BGLT movement erase a soldier's transgender lover for the sake of a clear narrative. And I think that change has a lot to do with seeking a piece of privilege instead of challenging the foundations of privilege itself.

So why should the non-transgender bisexuals reading this care? Supposedly we have the inside track to privilege, right? Not if the "we didn't choose this" argument is the way to get there. Bisexuals may end up even more on the front lines than transgender people, if we have the guts to stand up and say, "We could live within heterosexual norms, but we choose not to."

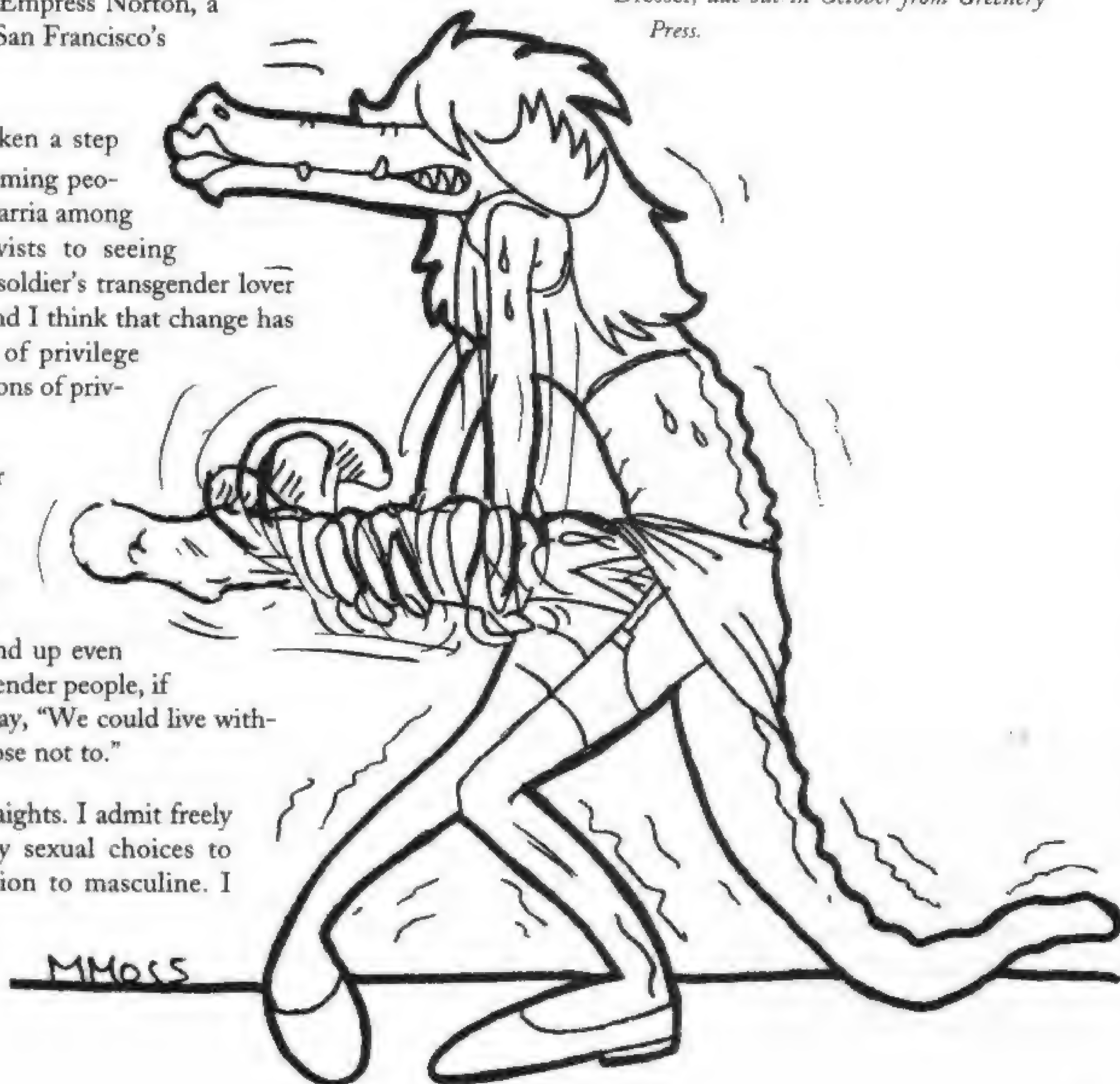
That would really freak out the straights. I admit freely that I could probably restrict my sexual choices to women and my gender presentation to masculine. I would feel deprived, but I could still have fun and feel like a worthwhile person.

I choose to dress like a girl and sleep with guys because I can have more fun that way. And because I got tired of fighting my own desires and lying about a big part of who I was. But I can look the straights in the eye and tell them: "I had what you have. I enjoyed it. And I can still have it. But I enjoy this as well, and I want both."

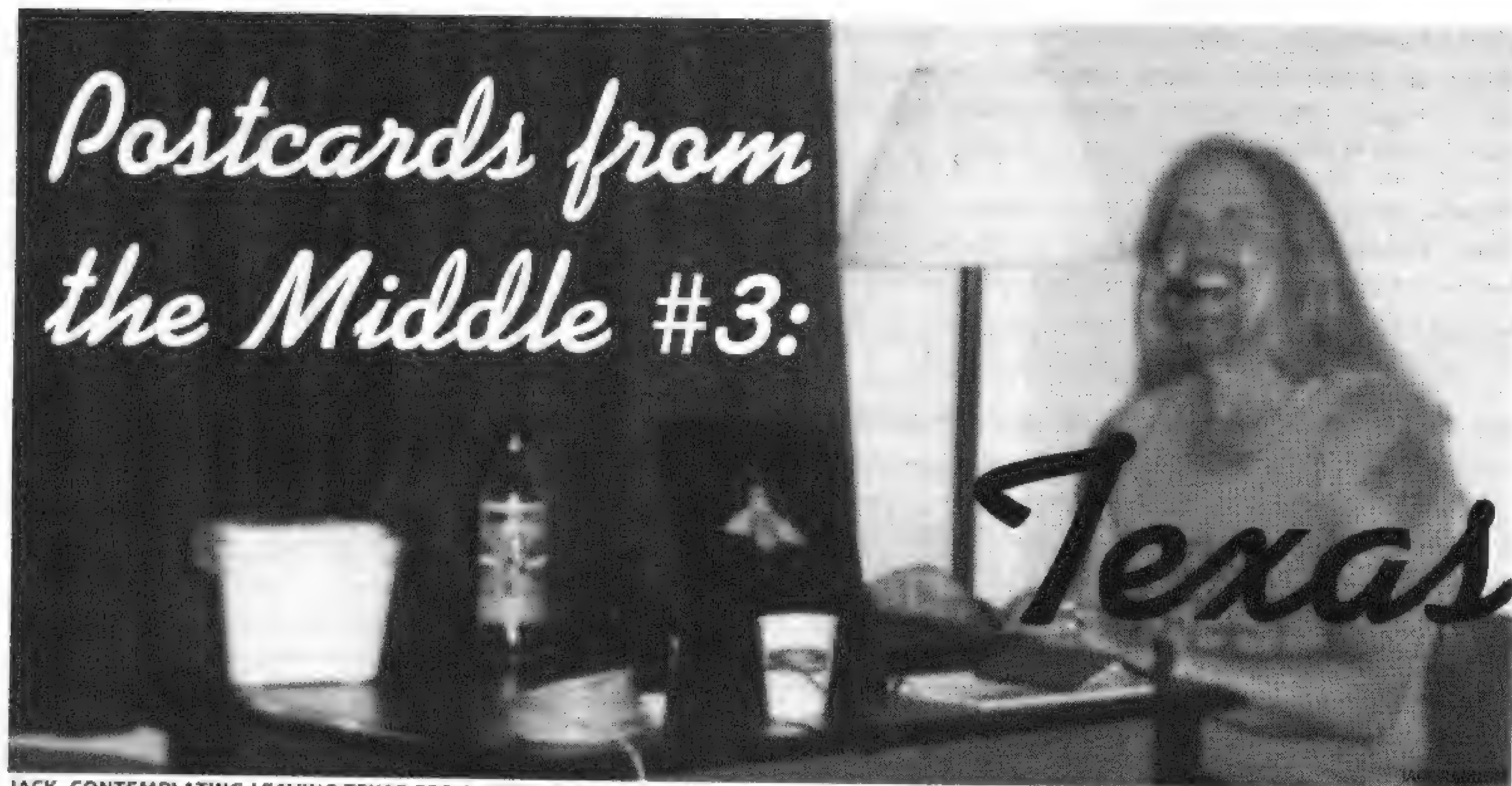
Saying that I choose my gender presentation and my sexual partners on the basis of "fun" puts me at odds with the transgender movement as much as gays and lesbians. Most transsexuals I know would say that they didn't choose the way they are, and that they were miserable as men. By saying, "If it's Thursday, I must be a girl," I fuck with that reality grid as well.

Call me frivolous if you want. I risk getting the crap beat out of me to defend my right to frivolity about gender and sex — quite possibly by the same people who beat on me in junior high for being an Izod-less "fag." Bisexuals, more than anyone else, have the chance to stand up and say, "We don't want your fucking nipple alligators." And maybe start chipping some cogs off the privilege machine once and for all.

Charles Anders has been a psychic receptionist, a monkey frightener, and a gender outlaw. He/she is the author of The Lazy Cross-Dresser, due out in October from Greenery Press.



Postcards from the Middle #3:



JACK, CONTEMPLATING LEAVING TEXAS FOR A WEEK IN NEW ORLEANS.

Greetings! I'm sitting in a motel room in Houston and enjoying the air-conditioning. It's been a hot, weird week here in Texas, but tomorrow I'm off on the road for New Orleans. Yippee-ki-yay.

I'm sitting here writing this and flipping through my notes on this week in queer America, trying to make something like sense out of what I have been seeing and what people have told me. I have been in bars, community centers, and cafés in El Paso, San Antonio, and here in Houston. I think I have spent something like 20 hours just interviewing local volunteers and bartenders of all ages and persuasions. One or two themes seem to be emerging.

Yes, the queer world is fragmented. Gay men only really want to spend time with other gay men, lesbians don't like men or bi women generally, and the transgendered are regarded with often undisguised distrust. There are fault lines all along age, race, and income differences as well, just like in the rest of the country. I think that, being human, that kind of thing will never really change, but some things are definitely changing and most of the changes are good.

For one thing, there are community centers everywhere. I cannot stress enough how important this seems to me. If separatism is the enemy, the first line of defense in this fight is the community center.

The problem often noted with the old bar culture (aside from alcoholism) is that it tended to promote homogeneous activist groups. I think that the experience of the '70s taught us all that you cannot have a political vision based solely on the concerns of one social group, and when the politics were organized from the bars that is just what happened.

Joe, a bartender in San Antonio, told me that he didn't think that people who hung out in bars wanted to spend their social time with anybody different and that he personally felt invaded when a bunch of dykes came into his bar and all the men left.

Just as if it were organized, as we sat there a large group of Hispanic dykes came in and started getting rowdy and I watched the suddenly outnumbered men slip quietly out the door as Joe made bloody marys and rolled his eyes in disgust.

Incidentally, if you like tough, butch, Hispanic dykes ("lesbian" just doesn't seem like the right word for these women) then pack up and head for San Antonio. They are the whole women's scene there.

Later on I stepped into the dyke bar (Petticoat Junction) and that was all that I could see from wall to wall. Feeling outnumbered, I slipped back out and slunk away.

See how it works?

After that, I went to the community center and talked to people there. The center was run by a guy named Wes who had lived in Los Angeles for 10 years and gotten political experience there. He was using his experience to try to push through a nondiscrimination ordinance and to influence the local Democratic party.

Wes seems to be fairly typical of the type of activist and volunteer that I met. Fifteen years after the worst of the AIDS crises robbed our community of so many leaders a new generation is coming to power at last. These are non-baby boomers, still mostly men of course, but seemingly without the narcissistic vices of those older revolutionary times. Change, as practiced from the community center, is about city ordinances and the safety of the average queer on the street instead of loud demands for total social transformation.

If the bar culture and other social events are about spending time with your own group, then the community center is about your commitment to the queer community as a whole. All of the community centers that I have seen, no matter how badly organized or run, had at least a cursory commitment to serving all parts of the community, and in most cases quite a bit more.

Here in Houston, I spent some time in one that reminded me of Queer Central in San Francisco (the office suites which house *Anything That Moves*, GLAAD, the International Gay and Lesbian Human Rights Coalition, FTM International, and the North American Intersex Alliance). The Pride committee had their offices there, as well as the information switchboard, and both the Democratic gay caucus and the Log Cabin Republicans. While I was talking to the staff a lesbian support group came in and took over a conference room.

Jeff, who was working the front desk that night, said that the community center also created a mechanism through which his company (CitiBank) could respectably provide community support and big wads of cash. Of course, he told me, they had their discussion about corporate sponsorship but he and most of the other activists felt that by drawing careful boundaries it wasn't a bad thing at all.

Boundaries, in this case, meant that CitiBank could put their logo on the float that they sponsored in the Pride parade but not on the little rainbow flags that they were handing out.

On a more parochial level, everywhere I've been I found listings for bi organizations. Unfortunately whenever I tried to

call the contact numbers I inevitably found that they had been disconnected, or worse, that nobody answered or returned messages. I haven't found a single bi activist that was willing to identify that way and no bi organizations had a regular meeting place in any of the centers that I visited, although the staff everywhere said that they would love to have them. Maybe our segment of the community is just coming of age, but it doesn't do us any good to live up to our flaky, het-privileged stereotypes this way.

All of my time on the road has led me to the deeper and deeper conviction that we at *ATM* absolutely must increase our visibility. San Francisco seems to be a little behind the times because we are just getting our community center together now (although to be fair, in SF it hasn't been needed as much) but no matter what happens we must have a consistent bi presence there.

Mainstream acceptance and the unanswered phone

The best way to oppose separatism is to create a physical space in which the whole community interacts regularly. If we want to be relevant in this new century we have to prove that we are in the community and, over time, that we will not flake out.

I know you all have heard all this before, but I wanted to make the point again because it seems to me that this is the future. *This* is really the most important thing that we can do at this point. Just *be* there. Show up. Wave the damn banner and maybe provide some kind of services for bi people.

I met an out gay cowboy (from Demming, New Mexico) named Cliff. While we were talking I asked him what it was like being the only gay in a small rural town and he just grinned and shrugged.

"Nobody cares," he said.

"What most people judge you on is whether you're a good neighbor, what kind of person you are, not what you do or don't do in bed."

— Jack



Losing My Het Cherry

By Trish Kelly

Illustrations by Olivia Edith

Every year at this time I get anxious. My birthday is near at hand, and I have to face the fact that I've let another whole year go by without losing my hetero virginity.

I'm not sure why it has taken me so long. When I first came out as a dyke, it was a helpful bit of cred. Lesbians love to hear that you've never even had sex with a man. It makes you sound hard-core and decisive. It helped me escape the baby dyke label.

Plus, boys were scary. Confessional Riot Grrrl support group meetings and reading writers like Andrea Dworkin were all the proof I needed of how dangerous and oppressive men were.



But, no matter what I read, or the horror stories I heard, some nasty little curious part of my noggin still wanted to know, maybe even desired it (shh! Don't tell Andrea!).

Two years ago, I started an active search for the appropriate candidate. I was pretty patient. I figured since I've waited more than 20 years, I can wait a little longer. And after having something for this long, my het cherry had become pretty precious to me. Not only did I want the boy to be cool, I wanted him to be grateful. I wanted him to be smart enough to realize the gift he was getting.

I went on some dates with guys — fully grown men with careers, goofy Brit-pop boys, and old-fashioned slacker punks. And although I saw potential, with the right training, for these boys to learn to worship my body the way I wanted, they all failed to pass the most important criteria that had become a mantra on my bedroom wall: *I want to lose my het cherry to someone who doesn't bore me.*

What they did help me realize was the full potential of being a "virgin".

Okay, maybe most virgin-ladies are too young and not quite self-confident enough to watch how guys react to the news that you've never done it with a boy. But, since this scenario has happened for me in the past three months, I can remind you: It's hilarious! They don't all respond the same way, but all responses I've had are pretty funny.

My favorite response was from Alex, the 30-year-old B-boy who almost exclusively dated girls under 21. I'm a little old for his tastes and pretty much we're just buddies, but the day I confided my cherry status over coffee, Alex was foaming at the mouth, and it wasn't from his cappuccino. But he had a certain sense of honor. Even as the wheels were turning, he shook his head and pulled on his ear, trying to shake the information out. Then he apologized and actually got up and left the restaurant!

This was another reason I took my time losing it — I was so entertained by the responses. No matter how cool guys think they are, or how evolved they've become, your virginity still has significance for them.

But sometimes it works against me. Last year I'd chosen the perfect candidate: a cute, cardigan-wearing punk boy from yes, you guessed it, Olympia, Washington. Emo boys are usually pretty harmless and submissive. I made plans to visit him for a weekend. Long-distance relationships with Americans are guaranteed brief and low maintenance, so I didn't have to worry about my candidate suggesting some serious relationship.

At first, everything went well. Kevin picked me up at the bus station, all smiles and concerned about my trip. We went to the bar, where we both consumed moderate amounts of

alcohol. Three hours after arriving in Olympia, he was whispering ghost stories in my ear as we listened to Belle and Sebastian in his room. At three and a half hours, I was refusing to let him give me his bed and sleep on the floor. Another half



hour, and we were getting to know one another's tonsils. But I didn't know if he liked sluts or not, so I pretended a little modesty and held out on my now well-practiced cherry speech until the next night.

With the talking out of the way on the first night, we cut right to the making out. I only had one more night in town, so I had to act. The second his hand went into my pants, I told him I'd never had sex with a boy before.

Kevin froze, and quickly refused to be The One. He said that it was a big deal, and I should do it with someone who I really cared about, someone who would be around to help me deal with post-event trauma. Also, he said, he'd had the honor before, and found himself the topic of a not-so-flattering 'zine and some nasty folk songs by the de-cherried girl. (Little did he know that refusing would get him mentioned in a magazine with 10,000 times the distribution of that little 'zine! Life is funny sometimes.)

As the days ticked by and my 23rd year of het virginity came to a close, a pretty bland computer programmer with bad Top 40 music habits became my candidate — not because he fit any of the criteria, but simply because I really didn't think that a single guy in his thirties was going to say no, and I was getting pretty impatient. When I told him, he said, "when we have sex... now I say *when* because I know we will" and something else that I didn't hear because I was too busy arranging my ride home with the taxi dispatcher.

I almost gave up. I got quite jaded. Pressured by the capitalist society I live in, I even considered putting an ad in the newspaper and selling my cherry to the highest bidder. Only years of mystifying penises and viewing unflattering Internet porn stopped me from calling for rates at *The Vancouver Sun*.

Now, I've been single for most of my life, and the last time someone advised me that "when you stop looking for something, that's when it comes to you", I almost punched them out. But, ha ha, life is funny sometimes, and I didn't find the boy who fit my list until I hit the lesbian capital of Canada.

I'd only been in Montreal for three weeks. I knew some ex-

See "Het Cherry" (p.28)

"Het Cherry" (from p.27)

Vancouverites, but mostly I was doing the solo thing, seeing bands and readings by myself. Then one night, I saw a boy I'd met at a party my first night in town. He was nice enough to invite me to sit at his table, so I gave up the chunk of wall I'd been guarding and sat down with him. He was tall and had cute little nerdy glasses that really offset his bleached blonde mop. We talked about music and politics and writing, and it was all very nice. It was the first conversation I'd had in three weeks that didn't center around directions to the subway. But what really got me was when he asked me how I was adjusting to life in a new town.

When the bands stopped playing, I invited him to my house for tea, not because I thought we'd make out but because he was that interesting. I couldn't let him slip into the night without telling me his whole story. And pretty much he did. We sat on my bed, listening to Radio Berlin, the one CD I'd brought with me from Vancouver, and talking until the birds started singing and the sun peeked through the curtains. Then he got all shy, and hid his face in my pillow and told it something about how silly you feel when you want to smooch someone and you don't know if you should do it. So I told him to do it.

We lay side by side on my bed for a while, kissing, and then he pulled me on top of him. I took note of this as an early warning sign. It was a good sign that he was comfortable being bottomed, but lying on top of a boy, lining up your crotches like that, it's pretty much an introduction, a handshake, between your genitals. I was leaning towards yes, but didn't know if I wasn't sure.

Then he started to sit up, and I thought he was going to top me, but instead he pulled me into his lap, so that we were at the same level. This boy didn't have a Top bone in his body — it was so hot! It was so hot, I had to take off my shirt, and then his shirt, and another shirt, and another. His outfit was so symbolic of his personality; this punk boy had layers! I stripped down to my bra, and he was down to an undershirt because as he put it, "It's only fair". It was so sexy and egalitarian, I had to take off my bra and his undershirt.

I was having so much fun, I don't remember exactly what he did that made me want to take off his pants, or my own. But when I found myself in my underwear, with my hand down his boxers, I suddenly remembered my cherry speech.

I changed it a bit, because let's face it, I was doing pretty well for a virgin and just told him I didn't usually do boys, and I'd appreciate

any tips he could give me. He just shrugged and said, "Do whatever you're comfortable with."

In a perfectly egalitarian, sexually healthy world, Mr. Cutie probably could have been a *little* more assertive about his own wants. But let's face it, we've all got a long way to go, and this was not the time for nit-picking.

And the shrug! For years I'd been imagining these scenes of worship, where the perfect candidate would pray to my pussy, and cower reverently at the gravity of being The First. That one little shrug erased all my inflated supernatural responsibility and made me feel mortal, like a human being having sex.

So I went down on him. Only for a while, because God, this was my first time ever touching a cock, and I wasn't terribly excited by the idea of his ejaculate all over me or my bedroom. Then he went down on me, and he was pretty good. My favorite part was when he came up to kiss me afterwards and I tasted myself in his mouth. It was the same sensation as when I first bite into a grape and the wetness explodes in my mouth. So when he said, "I have a condom if you want it," I said no, and I sang, Yeah yeah yeah.

In that perfectly communicative egalitarian world, I probably would have told him to go slowly, instructed him to work himself into me like I would work any phallic object into my cunt. That's the difference between jerking off with silicon dildos and fucking men; men's bodies come with a will. I kind of accepted that at this point, it was every body for itself.

So we fucked like selfish bunnies. It hurt a little at first, but the sensations inside my cunt were so amazing and distracting, I forgot to care about pain. I came first, and he went crazy trying to finish up quickly. What a sweetie! He was breathing like a locomotive picking up speed, and just when I thought he was going to scream "I think I can!" he pulled out. I squeezed his ass really hard, and he came.

He asked me if he could smoke inside the house and I laughed. We were quiet for a while, and when his cigarette was half finished, he looked at me, cocked his eyebrow, and said, "Boys are weird, huh?"

Yeah weird, but nice, too.

Trish Kelly is a freaky perv performance artist who lives in Vancouver BC, where she self-publishes The Make Out Club. She spent the summer in Montreal writing stories for the enchanting Ange-aimee "I want all the details" Woods.





If you really love someone, you'll tell them the truth.

The Christian Coalition, Family Research Council, Concerned Women for America, and the American Family Association (partial list) used this slogan in recently published anti-gay ads claiming to have cured homosexuals of their behavior. The ensuing debates on morality, genetics or unlearning behavior all miss an important point — we have the right to love whomever we choose. The truth is, human sexuality is far more rich and multifaceted than we're taught to believe. The truth is that neither science, nor politics, nor religion can yet define the genesis of sexual orientation. Most likely each of us is a complex mix of nature and nurture.

The truth is, many people are bisexual.

Bisexual people have the capacity for emotional, romantic, loving and/or physical attraction to more than one gender. Some of these so-called ex-gays are undoubtedly bisexual. Bisexuals can choose to be open to the full range of possibilities, but our bisexuality is the potential, not the requirement, for involvement with more than one gender. Some bisexual people choose to be in committed monogamous relationships; some choose other forms of relationships and commitments. Heterosexual and homosexual people also make these choices.

Bisexuals come from all cultures, all religious and spiritual beliefs, all sizes and abilities, all social strata and walks of life. Some of us are just like you. Some of us are nothing like you. But we are bound together by one important factor: we believe in the freedom to love whom we choose.

The truth is, love is about honor and respect for yourself and others.

The truth is, these ads sow hatred and intolerance. These organizations are seeking to define sexuality, gender, and family solely in their own image. It is an offense to the human spirit for any group to impose their beliefs as the one true way and to tell people to reject and hate themselves and each other because they do not fit a certain mold. That is not love.

Love, between people who care for each other regardless of the genders involved, is an important family value that strengthens our society and enriches all our lives. Love is an essential part of life and a celebration of the human spirit. The truth is that the families we create, in whatever form, are precious and entitled to respect and to equal protection under the law.

The truth is, love makes a family.

As human beings we are born with the right and ability to love, to change and to choose as we grow. We must all have the option to choose to get married or not. We must all have the right to have and to raise children or not. All our relationships and families must be equally valued. We must have the right to walk down the street holding hands without the threat of violence. We must have the right to live, to work and love without fear of discrimination of any sort. We must have the right to make our own moral and ethical decisions based on our own personal integrity.

THE TRUTH IS, ALL OF US — BISEXUAL, LESBIAN, GAY, TRANSGENDER, HETEROSEXUAL — DESERVE THE RIGHT TO LOVE WHOM WE CHOOSE.

In the public interest, this message has been sponsored by the following organizations (partial list), representing the views of millions of Americans.

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Postcards From The Middle #4: Sex and Lassitude in New Orleans

Hi gang! The French Quarter is like a warm and pleasant bath in industrial solvents. It's so relaxing that you barely notice that you are slowly going down the drain.

The heat and humidity, the carnival atmosphere, and the long lazy days of doing nothing but hanging out in bars leave you with all the ambition of a clam. I haven't been able to conduct even the vaguest semblance of an interview with any of the people I've met, but I've been having more actual sex here than anyplace since I left home.

Go figure.

Last night, Friday, was atypical because there was a lot of actual conversation. Me and my bi dyke buddy Wolf (married to my ex-boyfriend Spider) went out and had cocktails with Jamie Joy Gatto and her husband Alex. Jamie Joy is one of the other authors in *Best Bisexual Erotica*; Bill Brent hooked us up over the Net. (She also runs a great food-and-erotica Web site at mindcaviar.com with a specific bisexual area.)

We spent a couple of hours hanging out at Good Friends, the local version of San Francisco's Twin Peaks Bar, where old queens go to glare at the young. Jamie Joy and I talked about the state of queer America from her perspective and her experiences with the community. Her complaint was the same thing everybody has: that the gay male community just too easily lends itself to the queer version of "red-neckism" (pinknecks? lavendernecks?).

Since the gay scene in the quarter is huge and 99.99% male, I could definitely see plenty of corroborating evidence just while we were sitting there talking.

"Two Mardi Gras' ago I was standin' right over there," Jamie Joy said, pointing to a wall near the bathroom, "An' I was kissing a boy and a girl when the bartender starts screaming at me that there wasn't going to be any sex in

here. The bouncers came and threw us all out while these big old bears were laughing and screaming by the bar. It was just humiliating."

Wolf came over and started listening and I asked Jamie Joy about other bars in the Quarter. She told me that the doorman at Rawhide, the best leather bar, refused to let her in because she was a woman. "Not anymore, honey!" shouted Wolf over the ubiquitous ABBA music. "I'm a regular at Rawhide and they never give me any shit at all! Come on, let's go there and I'll show you."

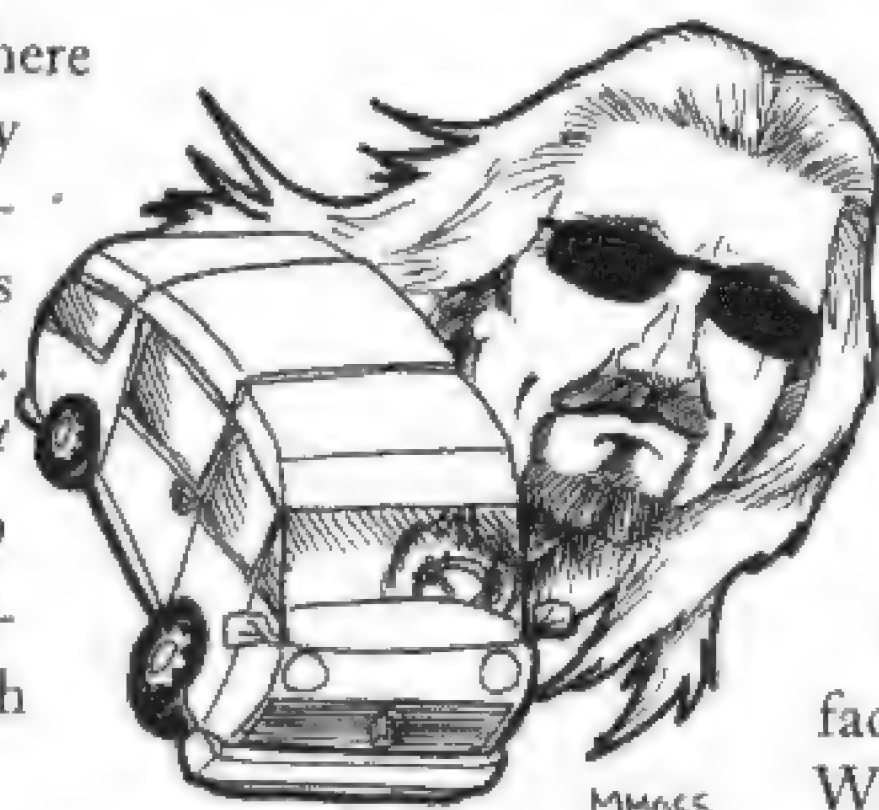
So, since everything in the Quarter is about 25 feet from everything else, we grabbed our drinks and walked over.

When we came in there was a tough looking guy in leather on the door. Wolf knew him by sight. "Hey baby!" she screamed above the pounding Eurythmics tune while she hugged him. "You all got any problem with women coming in here?" The big biker let go of her long enough to slap the sides of his face and squeal, "Goodness gracious no, baby! Why do you ask?" Wolf told him Jamie's story and he nodded sympathetically. "Honey," he said, "that man worked here for about 15 minutes and then we fired him for that kind of shit. Come on in!" So we did and we didn't have any problem at Rawhide as long as we stayed.

Later we went to another place where the street hustlers dance naked on the bar for tips and then turn tricks in the back room on top of the beer kegs (I know, I peeked). The crowd was about 10% women, all of whom seemed to be having no problem at all.

I wasn't having any problems either as I stuffed a dollar into the pouch of a little muscle boy and he leaned down to whisper in my ear, "Do anythin' you want, a hundred bucks," and then pinched my left nipple before dancing on to the next prospective customer.

Typical Friday night in the Quarter.



There is something like a point to all of this besides me wanting to brag. I wanted to point out how easy it is for one or two bad acts to make people feel unwelcome and alienated from the very group where they should feel most at home. And how easy it is to assume the worst about other people.

We've all had those discriminatory experiences. Gay men telling "fish" jokes and talking over women in public. Separatist lesbians trying drive out everyone who isn't "Penis-Pure And Proud." These things are real and they hurt, and I don't want to imply that they aren't.

But at the same time, we have really made actual progress, both in our own house and in the world at large. We need, as deep as the frustration runs, to know that we are doing it and that we are making a difference. There will always be a large group of the selfish, the intransigent and reactionary. We will never, being human, be free of that, but they are not the majority anymore.

We need, as bi and transgendered, and queer people of all colors, to organize ourselves. We need to bring something to

the table in the way of votes, volunteers and money. We need to know, above all else, who we are and what we as individuals stand for.

Once we do that, then I am absolutely certain that the majority of all gay and lesbian people will welcome us gladly. And once we start dealing with people as a visible group with our own identity, even the most self-centered, ultra-closeted queen will have to accept us.

It is so easy, when something bad happens, to simply retreat and make our own self-defensive stereotypes about the rest of the community. Too easy. To refuse to engage is to let the reactionary element win by default. I personally have found that, as I cross the country, we are more welcome than we know. The door is open and all we have to do is knock. To knock and to be ready to answer when asked, "Who's there?"

Lost in America,

Jack

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The Symbol for Intensity

by Allison Lonsdale

Illustrations by Jack Cleveland

"But if you never cut anything with it," said Lord Bontrionphe, "then why sharpen it at all? Wouldn't it work as well if its edges were as dull as, say a letter opener?"

Master Sean gave the London investigator a rather pained look. "My lord," he said with infinite patience, "This is a symbol of a sharp knife. I also have a slightly different one with blunt edges; it is a symbol of a dull knife. Your lordship should realize that, for many purposes, the best symbol for a thing is the thing itself."

— *Too Many Magicians*
Randall Garrett



I long ago came to understand that the disturbing elements of force that run through my sexual fantasies are not there because I want to be forced.

Force is a symbol for intensity.

When the 15 bikers (all of whom just happen to have recently bathed and brushed their teeth; in my heart of hearts I am hopelessly bourgeois when it comes to hygiene) play their games with the virginal Catholic schoolgirl in my head, I am neither ravisher nor ravished, but somewhere in the interstices between longing and the object of desire. And the greater the disparity there, the greater the tension.

There is a tension like that between the spoken and the meant when you call me "whore" while your eyes are saying "goddess", and you know what that does to me. Blasphemy is a kind of tension, too, and the story you told me about wanting to break into a church and fuck my face before the altar was very hot.

Tension is a symbol for intensity.

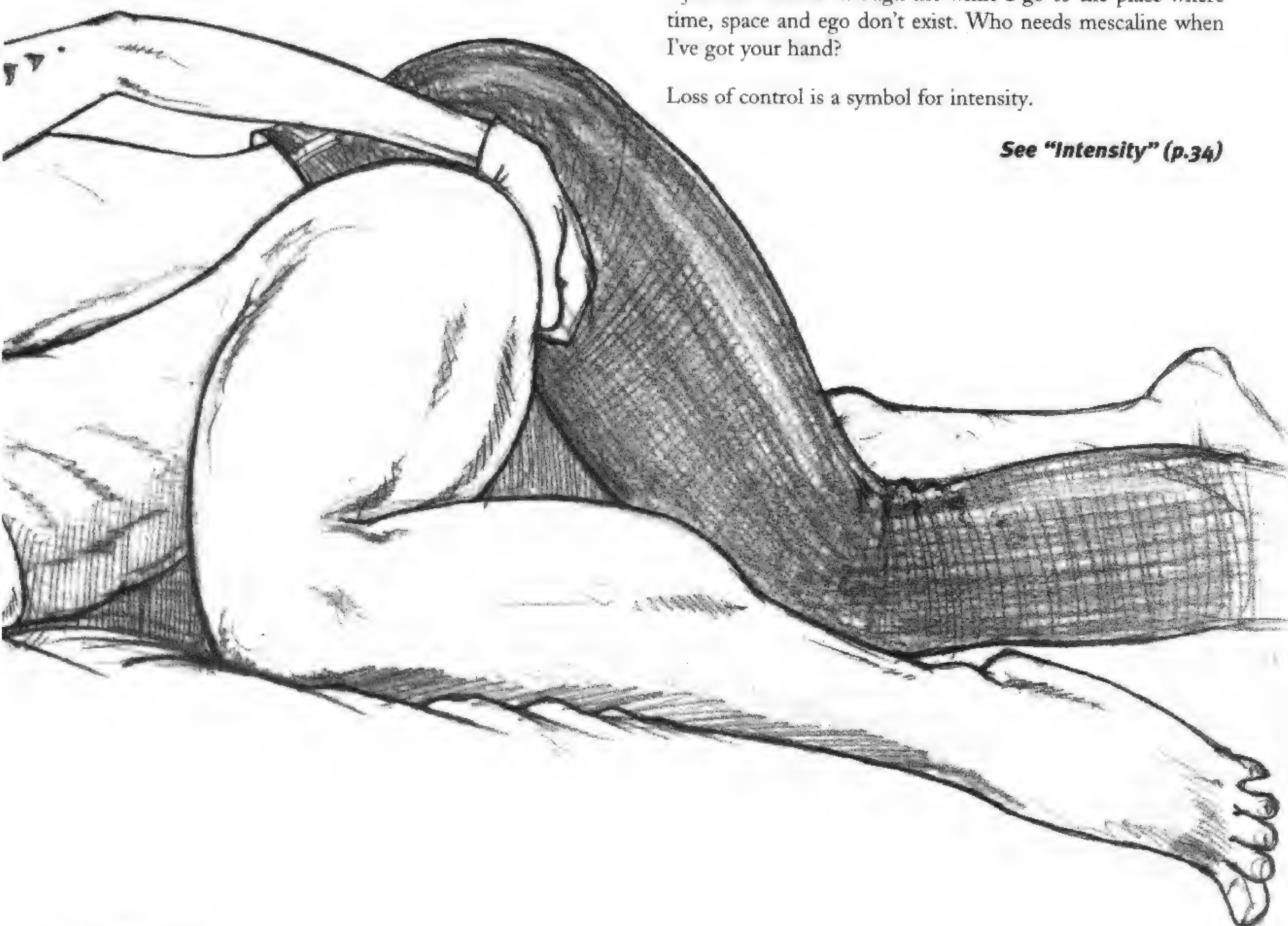
Fisting is a hell of a powerful symbol, though for years after I discovered it in the real world, it didn't become a part of my fantasy life. Not until the night you told me about wanting to use your fist inside me to lift my body halfway off the bed and slam it back down, until you growled "I'm going to split you open, tear out your heart, and eat it," did it become a strong enough symbol for intensity to start showing up in my fantasies. And then I made you fist me that hard for real, and I can still feel my nipples burn as I remember the look on your face when you realized just how much I could take.

"Say it," I growled, and through a palpable haze of "this is sick and wrong to tell a rape survivor," I pulled the words out of you: "I'm going to split you open, tear out your heart, and eat it." Right then, I was a vast wave of light and heat, and could easily imagine giving up a piece of this soft carbon vessel to make a beautiful gesture.

When other people talk about power, they mean control. But when I talk about power, I mean energy. How could I be "giving up power" by taking your fist inside my cunt when it wakes a fusion drive like the heart of a small star in my belly? All I'm giving up is control, and that's easy. Trying to maintain control over that much power would blow my head off. I just let it move through me while I go to the place where time, space and ego don't exist. Who needs mescaline when I've got your hand?

Loss of control is a symbol for intensity.

See "Intensity" (p.34)



"Intensity" (from p.33)

But the biggest symbol for intensity in the smoky pit of my fantasies has got to be assfucking. In my mind, it is shorthand for "Do something to me so intense I can't stand it and have to keep going, so intense I beg for mercy and more in the same breath."

Which is why I shivered the first time I heard you use the words "balls deep in your ass," and I made you say it again so I could feel your voice moving inside me.

Which is why, when you're telling me nasty stories on the phone while I furiously rub my clit, I always ask you to talk about fucking my ass when I get close to coming.

And that's why I got so hot when you first made it clear to me that you wanted me to fuck yours. "I feel female tonight," you said, and later you used words like "bottoming" and "subspace," but those things are meaningless to me.

I don't process the concepts the way other people do. I can't. What I had to become to go sane after my rapes — roles are not my friends. Control games are not my friends.

Fuck gender, fuck top and bottom, fuck dom and sub. I am what I am, and that demands that I contextualize some things in alien ways to keep from erupting in rage.

But I could listen past your words to something I understood perfectly: The hunger for intensity. And I felt that pull like a surge of molten metal in my groin. So when you said you were lying face-down on the bed with your legs apart, I wedged the phone between my cheek and shoulder so I could reach down and start stroking my swollen clit, and I told you what I was going to do to you: The trail of bites up the back of each thigh, the nails raked over the cheeks of your ass, my tongue working over your balls and then up the crack of your ass and inside you.

And when you whimpered and started begging me to fuck you, I told you about the strap-on I was wearing and how I was going to impale you on it and hammer it into you until you screamed. You made yourself come while I told you, and I listened to you go over the edge, feeling it in my clit as you cried out. God, that made me wet.

Fuck gender. You actually thought, back then at the beginning, you had to explain to me that just because you wanted to be fucked up the ass it didn't mean you were gay — look, gender is an illusion; gender is a joke; gender is Silly Putty. I'm a faggot with a cunt, you're a dyke with a dick, it doesn't matter.

It's a game. I play it the way I want to play it. I play it hard as hell and I don't take it seriously for a second.

All I take seriously is desire. Desire and intensity.

And that's why I'm doing what I'm doing tonight. The message you left on my voicemail at work: "I'll be waiting for you face-down on the bed when you get home." Going into the women's room to work one end of the L-shaped silicon toy up into my wet cunt. Through the harness ring, straps and buckles in place. My hard cock pressed uncomfortably up against my belly by the jeans, its root inside me grinding back towards my spine.

Walking out to my car, I see each person I pass box me in a role: buzz-cut, no makeup, bulge in her jeans — must be a dyke on her way to fuck her girlfriend. Yeah, buddy, what's waiting for me has long hair, and on weekends at the club he's in face paint and velvet, but he's about as femme as a .45 automatic. And twice as much fun.

I catch myself watching the ass of a little Asian woman walking ahead of me. Black hair down to her waist, wiry little frame, fine-boned, skin color somewhere between peanut butter and bronze. The alien aesthetic calls to me, and for a second I imagine her impaled on what I'm packing, riding me. A pretty study in contrasts. Then the head turns and I see his moustache. I laugh to myself. Fuck gender!

Getting home through evening traffic is much more interesting when I'm sitting on seven inches of silicon, with the other half caught between my clit and the crotch seam of my jeans. By the time I hit the driveway I've soaked through the denim. I know you're grinding your hard cock into the mattress when you hear me unlock the door. I put on a Cocteau Twins CD and head down the hall.

The door is open and I can see your hips moving against the bed. I leave my boots and shirt on the floor outside the bedroom. I walk in barefoot, in jeans, my black sports bra, and the harness and cock. I see your fingers dig into the pillow at the sound of my steps. Your face is hidden in the sweep of your hair. I know you have your eyes closed. I open the toy drawer and that's when I realize what I'm going to do to you tonight.

The noises are part of the foreplay. That's why the music is on soft enough not to interfere. The rasp of my zipper sends a barely visible tremor through you. The rustle of latex: You expect me to wear a glove if I'm going to warm you up with my fingers. Short as I keep my nails, they're still nails, and nails are evil there. But the wet noises that are causing you to move harder against the mattress aren't what you think. I'm not lubing up my cock for you. I'm lubing my gloved hand, clear up to the wrist.

You feel my weight settle onto the mattress, straddling one of your legs. My bare hand traces up the back of your thigh and settles on your ass. Can you feel the wet heat at my crotch? I know you can feel the firm curve of the silicon where it comes out of me and, caught in the ring of the

harness, arches out through the fly of my jeans. I grind the base of it against the back of your leg as I dig my nails into your flesh. You moan softly, spreading your legs a little further. I trace a wet finger from my gloved hand along the crack of your ass and you open up, pushing your hips back, begging with your body.

I start a slow circle against your anus with one finger as you growl deep in your throat, your hips pushing back like you're trying to capture my finger. Two fingers now, stroking back and forth over the hot flesh. I'd like to keep teasing you until you actually start begging, but you have made sure I know exactly how infuriating that is. By the time you gasp "please" I have already begun pushing a finger inside you.

The ring of muscle grips my slick finger tightly, and the heat inside you is dizzying. I swear, as soon as wet nanotechnology gets good enough, I'm going to get myself an actual penis. Just to test-drive it in your ass. Fuck gender. I keep moving my finger inside you, curling it down to stroke the aching knot of your prostate, as you groan and pump against the mattress.

Two fingers. The noises you make as I flutter them back and forth, the joints popping past each other, are intoxicating. I pull out, teasing your anus with just the fingertips, then slide back in, twisting as I push. The mixed hunger and pleasure in your voice when you groan "more" makes my nipples tighten until they ache.

Three fingers. You are bucking back against my hand, your cock sliding over the slick spot you've leaked onto the bedsheet. I am driving rhythmically in and out, angling to press against the root of your cock on the inside. You growl as you writhe under me, the back of your leg pushing into the base of the dildo and driving it deeper into me. I know it's deliberate; you're doing it so hard I'm getting sparks at the edge of my field of vision.

Four fingers. You are clawing at the mattress. Your spine arches and your head lifts, throwing your hair back. "Fuck me, damn you," you snarl.

I say softly, "I will give you what you want, but not the way you expect it." I tuck my thumb into the center of my hand and start a slow, steady push. Then you realize what I am doing, and the shock of it sends you suddenly, ferociously over the edge. Your face drives back down into the pillows and you give a muffled roar that seems to come from somewhere deep under the house. I feel your ass clamping down on my fingers as the spasms wrack you; I stop pushing and hold steady as you clench so hard my knuckles are grinding together.

My clit is burning, my cunt flexing in sympathetic spasms around the pole buried inside me as I imagine what your climax must feel like. I taste blood where I am biting my lip.

Finally the waves ease, and your body goes limp under me. But I know you'll be getting aftershocks for minutes. I debate briefly: Too dangerous to make you take more when another spasm may hit? I give a tiny push. The noise you make goes straight to my clit: a whimper of surrender and disbelief. Then another wave of orgasm bursts through you and your ass tightens again. I am in almost up to the knuckles, and your cry is more than half pain.

***Fuck gender.... gender is an illusion;
gender is a joke; gender is Silly Putty.
I'm a faggot with a cunt, you're a dyke
with a dick, it doesn't matter. It's a
game. I play it the way I want to play
it. I play it hard as hell and I don't take
it seriously for a second. All I take
seriously is desire. Desire and intensity.***

I start to ease out of you and your immediate gasp stops me. "Please," you hiss. "More." I am not going to argue with that tone of desperation. I keep pushing, very slowly but without pause.

A minute ago your hands were white where you gripped the mattress and I could feel the strain in your legs; now you feel boneless under me, limp as an unconscious body. You're either willing yourself to relax so this impossible thing I'm doing doesn't tear you, or you've hit the place where your motor nerves are fused into a lump of radioactive glass and your bones all turn to jelly. I only know you're still conscious because of the noise, a long, low, keening sob. It sounds hauntingly familiar.

I've made that sound myself a time or two.

The heat and pressure on my hand would hurt if my pain threshold hadn't been jacked up into the stratosphere by arousal. I assume yours is in orbit, or you'd never be able to take this. Theoretically, it should take hours for me to work this much of my hand inside you. The rules for everything change around you. I keep pushing, slowly, mercilessly. Watching more of my hand disappear inside you. Feeling the heat in your ass that matches the heat in my cunt right now.

My knuckles hit the stretched ring of your anus and move into you, exquisitely slowly. A wave of trembling starts at your shoulders and moves down your body. The CD finished some time ago; now the house is silent except for your

See "Intensity" (p.36)

"Intensity" (from p.35)

ragged breathing and the almost imperceptible wet sound of my hand penetrating you. I am forgetting to breathe, my pulse thundering in my ears.

I continue to push. Past the knuckles, down the length of the palm. You're split open by the widest part of my hand when I feel a tiny preliminary shiver inside you — and I drop into adrenaline-fueled clarity as I realize that the thing I am afraid of is happening now. Another aftershock is going to hit while you're stretched this wide, and if I don't do something now it's going to tear you.

My brain spits out lightning-fast estimates of risk while time slows down around me. There is no way I can pull enough of my hand out of you fast enough without causing you some serious pain, maybe damage; my only option is to get you to the nearest narrow spot.

My wrist.

Hope you'll forgive me for this.

I grit my teeth and shove.

You start to scream.

The wave hits partway through the motion, and the rest of my hand is literally pulled into you as your ass clamps down around it. Your hot flesh spasms around my wrist as my hand closes into a fist inside you. The scream draws out, muffled in the pillow, and your entire body tenses beneath me, shaking.

I endure one second of absolute hell, thinking I've torn you up inside, and then I realize that you're coming again. Each contraction of your ass around my hand, I can feel in my clit.

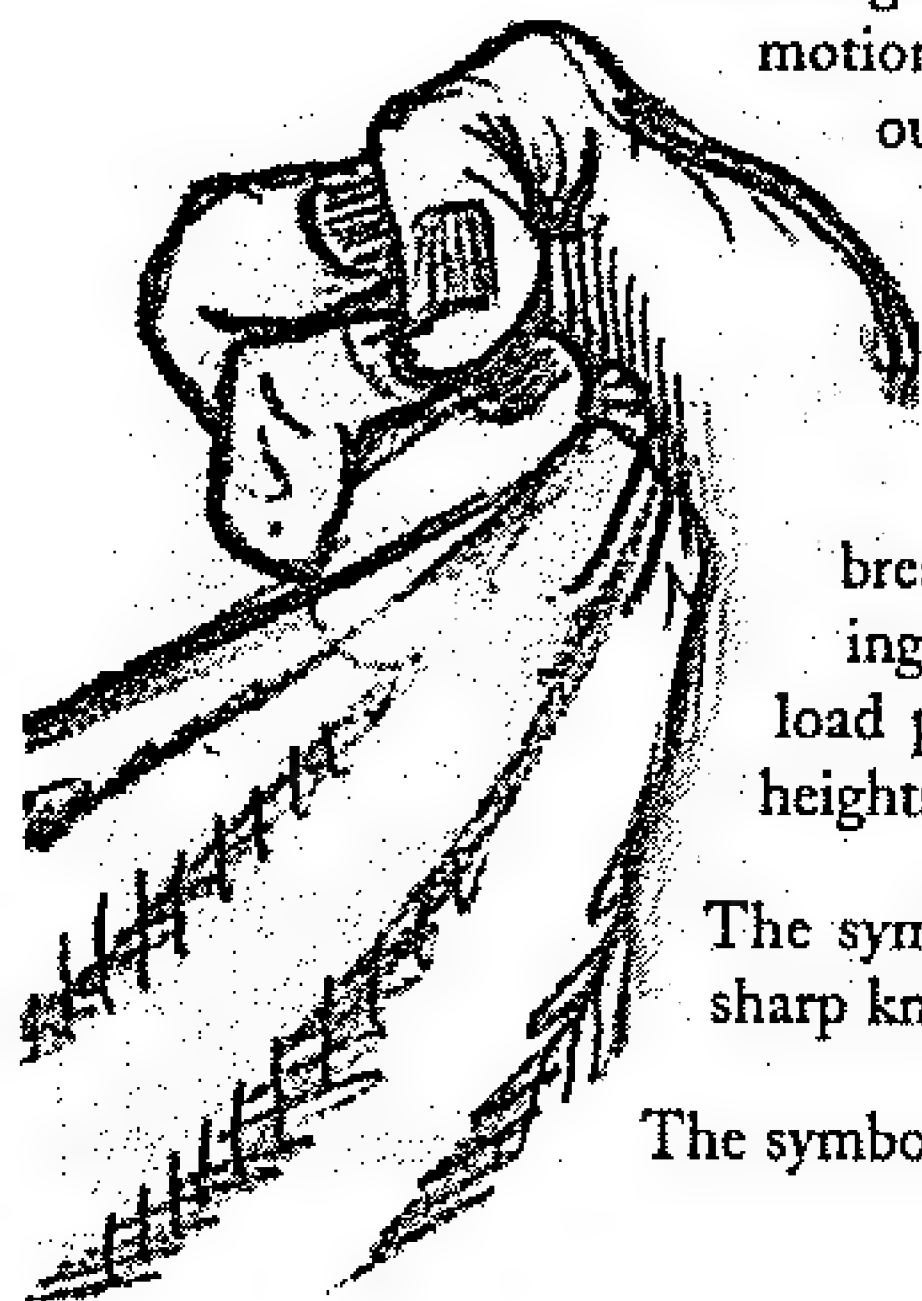
It goes on and on. I start gently rocking my fist against your prostate, and the scream changes timbre. I add very slight clenching and relaxing to the rocking motion. Gods, I'll be lucky if I get

out of this without burns on my hand, you're so hot inside.

You've emptied your lungs and now you're breathing in ragged sobs, rocking under me, the sensory overload pulling you up to dizzying heights where the air is very thin.

The symbol for a sharp knife is a sharp knife.

The symbol for intensity is intensity.



The spasms ease, fade out into aftershocks. I stop rocking but continue clenching and relaxing my hand inside you. Slow and steady. Looking down at my wrist disappearing into your ass, I feel a wave of heat roll over me and settle at my throat and my groin.

This is incredibly erotic. I'm inside you, in a way I can actually feel, and you trust me completely, and oh fuck the grip of your ass around my hand is good. I never quite realized how many nerve endings were in my hand. And they are all very sensitive to temperature and pressure, oh yes. You're whimpering, in a way that almost says pain, but I can tell from the tone that if I try to stop it will be a lot worse on you than if I keep going.

I keep going.

Slowly you start to move your hips again. I realize you want me to go back to rocking it inside you as well as clenching and relaxing. When I do, you move against the fist splitting you open so it presses harder into your insides than I was moving it. Not much harder. But a little.

I keep going, gently, mercilessly. I lose track of time. The universe contracts: your noises, the heat in my groin, the heat gripping my hand. Your rocking is gradually getting faster, and I move to match it.

Your noises are gradually getting more desperate and louder. Seized by a wicked impulse, I lean forward, resting my free arm on your shoulders to support my weight, and I snarl into your ear, "I'm going to split you open, tear out your heart, and eat it."

You've let me as far into your mind as you have into your body, and I can tell by the way you cry out and tremble under me that I hit the right spot.

I hiss, "I am going to keep doing this until it kills you, and then I'm going to bring you back from the dead and do it some more. I won't stop when you think you can't take it. I won't stop until I know you can't take it. I am going to tear you in half. I am going to turn you inside out. Even when this stops, part of you will always be right here, right now, with me inside you."

Every word is a blow, a caress. You are shaking uncontrollably now, with a fold of the pillow caught between your teeth, and I keep whispering cruel and impossible things to you and moving my hand within you until your body arches, every muscle contracting, and your head snaps back and a long note of perfect clarity tears out of your throat, a frozen vapor trail in the stratosphere.

This isn't orgasm.

This is something from the other side of orgasm.

Am I a top? I am working hard to pleasure you, what does that make me?

Are you a bottom? You are filling with infinite power, what does that make you?

Fuck roles. Fuck gender. Fuck your sweet ass with my hand until your whole body fills with fire.

Then it's over and you're back from that strange realm, gasping, "too much," and I'm pulling out of you with infinitely careful slowness, wincing as you flinch and shudder, biting back a useless apology for hurting you, yet still aroused by the wet sucking noise as my hand comes back out of your body.

I peel off the glove, discard it, stretch out beside you and take you in my arms. You roll into the embrace faster than I would have believed you could move after all that, holding me so tight my ribs creak. My strap-on slides between your thighs and the end inside me moves so I can't help but whimper.

You bury your sweat-stained face in the side of my neck and the sobs start wracking you, coming from somewhere so deep it seems like there's no end to them. I hold you while the waves move through you for a long time, until you've wept yourself empty against my shoulder, clinging to me like I'm the only thing left floating after the storm.

"I got to the light," you say finally, voice raw and cracking.

I raise an eyebrow. "Thought the place you go was dark, the perfect void," I say.

"Usually. This wasn't."

You've seen where I get my poetry from, the luminous reality on the other side of matter.

"What did you find there?" I ask, curious.

"Somebody had written on the light."

"Written in what?"

"Light."

I snort. Of course. "What did it say?"

Your grip on me had eased when the sobs faded; now you hold tight again, like I'm the only solid thing keeping you from blowing away in the storm winds. I grip back, tears easing from under my own closed lids.

"Your name," you whisper.

Allison Lonsdale has always suspected that we have more sexes than our languages recognize. "The Symbol for Intensity" was her first published story; it originally appeared at cleansheets.com. Her work has also appeared at ScarletLetters.com ("Fragment from the Diary of Arabella B."). Her nanotech story "Tangaroa" will come out in the Best Transgender Erotica anthology in fall, 2001. When not writing erotica, she can be found in San Diego coffee-houses singing "geeky music for geeky people" — her original lyrics use metaphors from math, physics, programming, genetics and virology to explore desire and suffering.

We're looking for a few good bisexuals to join

ANYTHING THAT MOVES

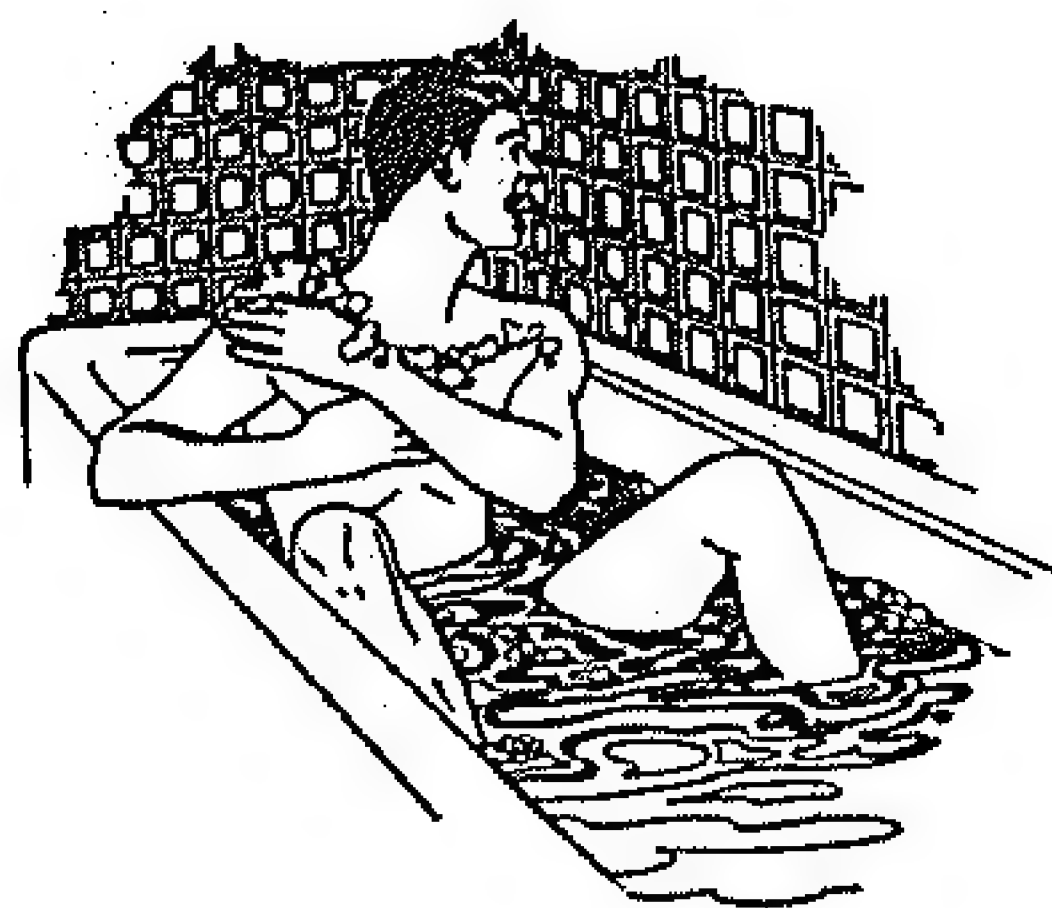
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What Your Mother Never Told You

This Month: Advice from Uncle Kai, Aunt Shelli, and Uncle Bill



Hey Now!

I am a 20-year-old female who is having problems defining bisexual and lesbian. Is it right to be bisexual? Am I really a lesbian if I have more attraction to women than to men?

I fell in love for the first time late last year — at first sight! — but it was with a straight female. I told her this, and now she can't even bear to be in the same room as me. I didn't ask her for anything or propose anything — I knew she was straight — but now I have lost any chance I ever had of getting to know her. What can I do?

I have never experienced love before; this was a complete first for me and now it's tearing me apart. This experience is far from good for me. There's no way I can let her know that I just want to know the person who has been able to make me feel on top of the world at one point and then in the depths of hell at another.

*Love and Peace,
PK*

Hey, Now, PK —

Naturally, we at *ATM* think it's just fine to be bisexual. Being what and who you are doesn't hurt anyone else, and denying who and what you are can only do you harm.

As far as whether you're really a lesbian: Since attraction is a continuum rather than a set of pigeonholes, there is some overlap between lesbianism and bisexuality. Bisexuality doesn't mean a strict 50-50 attraction, and your own ratio can change over time. If you are attracted to men, then technically you qualify as bisexual. Of course, only you know how attracted you are to men, so only you can define your sexuality. Basically, if you feel you are bisexual, then you are.

As for your friend — that's really the big question here. Unfortunately, there's really not a lot you can do. She's making it clear that she doesn't want to be around you, and there's no way you can change that without making things worse.

If you didn't hit on her, if all you did was let her know how you feel, then the problem really is hers. I doubt she'd have reacted so strongly to a man telling her, in a low- or no-pressure manner, that he was attracted to her. Your friend is making it clear, by her actions, that she is extremely uncomfortable with your attraction — with your orientation — with something that is an important part of you. And her denial of

these things stretches even to the point of homophobia and rudeness. I know it's not what you want to hear, but this person is not currently in a state where she can be your friend, and is probably someone you're actually better off not being around.

This is not the way anyone wants their first love to go, and I agree that it's "far from good" for you. You should see if you can find any sympathetic and supportive people to talk about this with — perhaps a local queer group or person, perhaps an understanding straight ally. If there aren't any resources in your area, you can look for chat groups and mailing lists on the Internet. Either way, finding others to talk to is important to help you realize that your ex-friend's negative and hurtful reaction is not your fault, that anyone and everyone can — and does — have painful experiences while looking for love, and that there are better experiences waiting down the line.

- Uncle Kai

Uncle Kai (aka Kai MacTane) is a bisexual, bicoastal, ambidextrous, polyamorous polytheist. When not keeping *ATM* online, he enjoys RPGing, dancing, partying, and spending time with his friends and lovers. He's currently learning t'ai chi, kung fu, and fire-dancing, and should really learn to live without sleep.

Dear Aunt Shelli -

I'm bisexual (female) and head over heels in love with my best friend (female.). She doesn't know that I'm bisexual, but I would love to have a relationship with her. How do I go about telling her how I feel?

TG

Dear TG -

As I see it, there are two different issues at hand in your question: 1) The fact that your "best" friend does not know you are bi and 2) How do you tell your friend that you are in love with her? For the first part, I am going to assume that since you are not "out" to your "best" friend, you are not out in general and I also assume that you presume your best friend to be straight.

Why have you not told your best friend that you are bi? If she has led you to believe that she does not like gay people, and that is the reason you haven't told her, then coming out to her may not be in your best interests, or at least must be done very carefully. If she seems to have a generally positive opinion, then try coming out to her first. There are many books and resources on the Web (go to ATM's Web site at anythingthatmoves.com/resources.html) that can help you deal with how to come out safely.

For the second part of your question, if she seems okay with this new information of yours, you could try telling her how you feel in a way that also lets her know that her response won't affect your friendship with her. Please remember that many friends turn into lovers and many other friends end up losing each other due to "love". Before you do anything, you need to decide whether or not you are willing to risk your friendship.

In my own experience, when I was first coming out to myself as a bisexual female, I fell "in love" with a close female friend who seemed the perfect person for me, except she was straight. Instead of going out and meeting like-minded people (scary!) I stayed home and talked to

Uncle Bill (a.k.a Bill Brent) edits and publishes two sex-oriented publications. *Black Sheets* is a bi-oriented zine for kinky, queer, intelligent, and irreverent folk. *The Black Book* is an illustrated resource guide for the erotic explorer. Both are available at the ATM order line, (800) 818-8823.

her on the phone instead (safe!). What I realize now is that I was really insecure with my own bi identity and did not want to come out completely. As I did more self-exploring (which included reading *Bi Any Other Name* by Lani Ka'ahumanu and Lorraine Hutchins and reading *ATM*) and joining BGLTQ/Q groups, I found I met many other cute bi chicks and I no longer was in love with my friend. I still like to occasionally fantasize about her (she is hot!), but I don't let it get in the way of other relationships, either.

- Aunt Shelli

Dear Uncle Bill -

I was talking to a friend of mine today and she has been going through the process of dealing with her sexual identity for the past year or so. She has more or less accepted her bisexuality for herself, but is having a hard time resolving what that really means (she's just about 30, comes from a very religious, traditional Italian family, etc.). In the midst of it all, she is getting frustrated because all the resources she's finding are either straight or lesbian. She's here in San Francisco and I thought you might have some advice for support groups, books or other resources.

- Seeking advice

Dear Advice-Seeker:

Here's a list of books off the top of my head that she can find in many bookstores, from Amazon.com, or directly from Black Books at (800) 818-8823. One is *Vice Versa* by Marjorie Gerber, which argues that erotic life, by its nature, is politically incorrect and unpredictable. There's also *The Bisexual Option*, 2nd ed. by Fritz Klein. It's probably a bit more academic than the Gerber book, but Klein is a widely respected author on bisexuality. And *Bi Any Other Name* is probably the most accessible, user-friendly book of all, since it is a col-

lection of bisexual writers presenting a wide range of experience regarding bisexuality.

There's also *The Bisexual Resource Guide*, edited by Robyn Ochs, which is the definitive listing of support groups and service organizations.

So that's my book list. There are a couple of groups in San Francisco, but I'm not sure how active they are currently or who is running them or what they have to offer. If your friend has Internet access, direct her to www.BiNetUSA.org. BiNetUSA is a national clearing house of organizations, and their Web site has some helpful answers to commonly asked questions regarding bisexuality. She should find many other good Internet sites on bisexuality if she surfs around.

And, of course, there's *Anything That Moves*. They have a booth at every SF Pride where she can pick their brains directly, or she could call them at (415) 626-5069 any time of the year. She can also order the mag from them directly from www.anythingthatmoves.com, or with a credit card at (800) 818-8823.

- Uncle Bill



Aunt Shelli is a bitchin' bi dyke (and fundraising goddess) who doesn't have time to write her own bio, but we love her anyway.

Postcards From The Middle#5: New York & San Francisco

Hi gang. It's probably not traditional to send a postcard to your friends after you've made it home but there are one or two things I wanted to say in conclusion. As most of you already know, after my last post I got stuck in Alabama with a busted van. After that was cleared up, things came together so fast and hot that I found myself sprawled on my own bed for the first time in two months before I had a moment to write a word about what was going on.

I was in New York over Pride weekend and I stayed with my old friend and partner in gender crime David Harrison, who lives about 100 yards from the Stonewall Inn in the middle of the Village, so I had a deeply intimate experience of Pride there. After Pride, David and I had dinner with transsexual activist Kate Bornstein and her lover Barbara. In addition I also had a chance to hang out with a bi support group called Bi Request, to snoop around the community center there, and to just generally spend a lot of time on Christopher Street in the Village.

I wish I had something new or exciting to say about New York and the community there. The bi people told me that they were actually booed at certain points during the parade but that the vast majority of the reaction was positive or at least neutral. They told me about a meeting at the Gay and Lesbian Community Center about changing the name to include "Bi and Transgendered" that turned into a shouting match with lesbians and gay men saying horrendously bigoted things and announcing that they would all boycott the center if we were included.

Standing on the corner of Christopher and Hudson, watching the parade, I saw the fairly neutral reaction that the bi

groups got as they marched past. Bi Request, BiNet, a Bi Leather group. There were only about 12 people in each group and they were lumped together with the Radical Fairies, which seemed to get absolutely no reaction at all.

I also noted with irony that, right after the Radical Fairies, came Hillary Clinton. Hillary's walk in the parade was unannounced and only for a few blocks, but the crowd went berserk. I was confused at first because I had been hearing nothing but anti-Hillary sentiment all day, including from some people that were standing next to me and cheering the loudest. As the phalanx of Secret Service agents that surrounded the little blue hat that I assumed was Hillary passed, I asked the man to my right why he was cheering when he had said that he thought she was just an opportunist.

"It doesn't matter," he said after she had gone by, "Having her here shows how powerful gay people are politically in New York State." Or words to that effect. In the steaming heat and pitiless press of the crowd I wasn't exactly taking very good notes.

Hmm. Does it come down to that, I wonder? The biggest cheers I heard were for Hillary and PFLAG, the two biggest symbols of mainstream acceptance. Are we so hungry as queer people for that acceptance? For that quasi motherly love and the power represented by the passing blue hat that we are willing to define ourselves, our **very selves**, in the terms most palatable to the Silent Majority?

I think that most people in America, despite the best efforts of the Pat Robertson's and the other crypto-fascists of the world, do not actually hate us. Mostly I think that they are walled up inside het privilege and don't think much about us at all. They don't think that we are relevant to their lives. Most mainstream people are willing to be either supportive or hostile to the exact degree that we make them feel good about themselves.

I want to end this series on a hopeful note but I'm a little hard put to come up with one. Right now I feel a great deal of anger and disappointment with our community. All across the country I found just the things that I was afraid I'd find. All of the prejudice, the smug insularity, the condescension, and just plain ignorance.

The sad fact is that those of us with complicated sex and gender orientations, with even more complex romantic lives, make most people uncomfortable and



CYNTHIA CHAMBLE

BI REQUEST, THE ONLY BI GROUP THAT I ACTUALLY FOUND, MARCHING IN NYC PRIDE.

therefore angry. The easiest thing to do for most gay people is to downplay our role in the community, indeed to pretend that we are another community entirely and that our physical presence and proclamations of identity represent an invasion and a colonization of hard won gay turf. Simple minded prejudice being just so much easier than actual thought.

But it's more than that. The gay agenda (and yes folks, we do actually have one) has always been to make our lives and our selves acceptable. To make it perfectly normal to love one's own gender, to love any gender at all, and therefore not a reason to kill us. Or something like that. The small amount of progress made toward that goal is perceived as threatened when all of us weirdos begin showing up in public and giving ammunition to the fear and hate peddlers.

Aside from that we are a very real threat to the identity of gay people. To the construction of personal reality. After all, what does it mean to call yourself gay when a male/female couple in a solid middle class marriage also feel that they have a right to that word? How can you think of yourself as the same kind of lesbian as a person who is in all ways male except for occasionally dressing like a woman? Wouldn't you feel yourself diminished? Co-opted? I think I would. Hell, I have felt that way whenever I ran into one of those married men so common in the bars and sex clubs, the ones calling themselves bisexual but really just wanting a blow job and a quick exit back to their safe little lives.

I started this essay, indeed this whole project, hoping to come to some clear conclusions about the state of Queer America in the year 2000, but I'm further from that goal now than ever before. The more I find out the less I know about anything. At every turn I have found that I am guilty of every form of prejudice that I've seen in others. Every time I think I've found someone who believes in inclusivity they lean across a bar and tell me, as a man did in San Antonio, that, "Lesbians aren't real women — they all just want to act like they have dicks!" I could fill a ream of paper with sad little moments like that and never come to the end of the examples of ugliness that I witnessed, and even more that I have felt in myself.

So now I've come home to San Francisco, and the advantage of coming home is being able to see it as you would all the other places you've been. I walked through the Castro yesterday and felt the joy of making eye contact with other men, of cruising and being cruised without fear. I felt the question in the air, the one I always feel there. Are you gay enough? Do you belong here with us, or are you just passing through?

The first night I was back Linda Poelzl, Kat Page, and I went down to Valencia to Modern Times bookstore for the 20th

anniversary of Cleis Press. Pat (who is now Patrick) Califia was there, along with Carol Queen, Thomas Roche, a dozen other self proclaimed bi perverts. Speeches were made and cake was served. While they were talking I realized that I was hearing words that I hadn't heard since leaving SF back in May: "Sex Positive," "Feminist," "Bi-Poly-Queer-Fetish-Pervert." All the gorgeous hash that identity politics have made of the English language here in this city. I felt like I was part of the group for the first time in seven weeks and I experienced that moment as the lifting of a great weight from my shoulders. These were my people, here were my values at last. This little enclave of insular queers, this complex of prejudices and preferences that reflect me so comfortably back to myself, I settled back into it gratefully, without hesitation or regret.

I guess what I want to say now, after everything that I've seen and all the people that I've talked to, is that I have no idea what things are like in Queer America. I don't think anyone does, really.

Pride, Identity, and the Little Blue Hat

Ultimately, we are held in the web of our own lives and we are each struggling to define ourselves in the face of all opposition and oppression. The best we can do is to find a sense of self that doesn't rely on the exclusion of others, and maybe allows for a

measure of joy for everyone. Something like that, anyway.

When I got home, just by coincidence, it was the fifth anniversary of my moving to San Francisco, the beginning of my effort to make a place here and to define myself in the way that I most wanted. By coincidence I walked through the Castro on the anniversary of the first time that I'd done it and felt that question hanging in the air: Are you staying or just passing through? Are you gay enough to be here with us?

After five years and seven thousand miles the answer was obvious. No, I'm not gay enough for the Castro, but I'm staying anyway. I'm queer enough for me and for my lovers and that's all that matters to me. This is my place now, too, and your identity is going to have to grow enough to include me because I am not going to retreat into a safe heterosexual world and I am not going away. Ever.

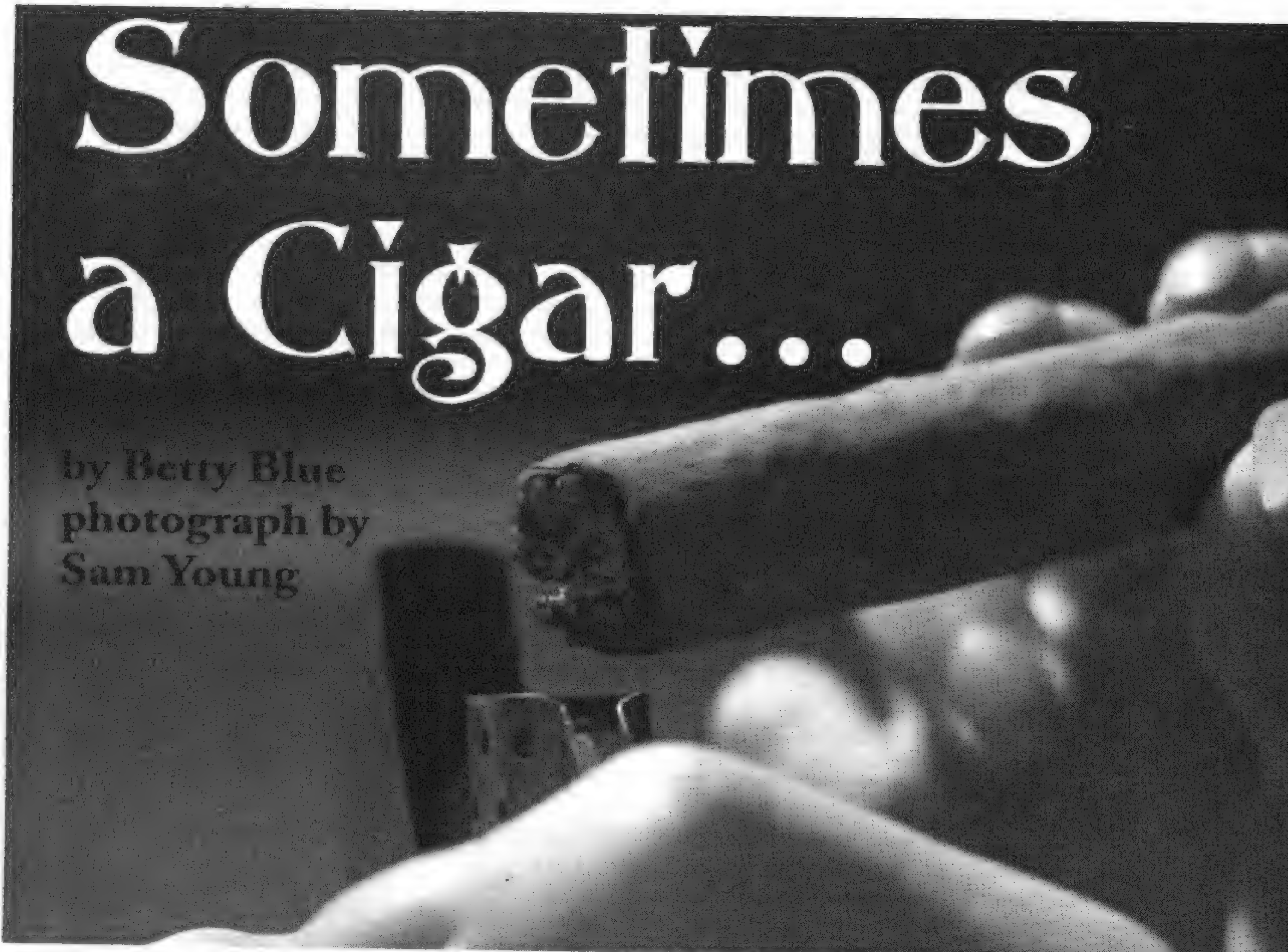
I am home. Now, at last and from now on, I am home.

Jack Random is a long-haired bisexual, Pagan, poet, pornographer, and Leather Daddy who actually lives the life he writes about. He can be reached for almost any purpose at: RandomJ@earthlink.net, and yes, that is his real name.



Sometimes a Cigar....

by Betty Blue
photograph by
Sam Young



He was standing with one black boot back against the armory wall in a stance that could have said many things: "Check me out, baby. I'm King of the Leather Boys." "I am not a tourist." "Need a date?" But when he put the cigar between his teeth and held the Zippo to it with a few quick puffs and deft turns that he somehow performed with a sleight-of-tongue, what he was trying to say was perfectly clear: "Fuck you."

And what I got to thinking while I was standing there waiting for the off chance that this corner might produce a bus was, "Okay."

I studied him furtively, wondering precisely what kind of a fuck he was. He was cool as a cucumber, and probably hung like one, too. I imagined slipping quietly to my knees and unwrapping his package. The hot cock would slide neatly into my mouth, heavy candy against my tongue, and he was probably the kind of guy who would grab my hair and work himself deeper in, whatever made him feel good, pump a little at my face like he was fucking a cunt, a hot, wet, cunt that had lips and teeth and sucked him in like a delicious drink that I wouldn't want to slow down from to take a breath, and that would flow into me like my own insistent tongue was flowing around him.

The musk sweetness of his leather would rub against my skin, wearing the warmth of him, smooth like the naked skin of his cock, making that wrinkly, crinkly sound that always made me think of *Starsky and Hutch*.

And wasn't that something I'd want to lick, too? Whip him out of my mouth and hold the shaft just beneath the head, tugging and squeezing a little while I ran my tongue over the stiff, black leather, sucking up my own spit that had run down the sides of his cock to pool there at the base, at the smooth, sweet-smelling cunt-opening of his pants that were lucky enough to have that dick inside them all day long.

And then I'd put him back into my mouth and grab that leather-hugged ass that was just round and small enough to clutch two hands neatly against it like a perfect set of C-cup tits, and I'd suck and surround and absorb and swallow that cock and then swallow what it gave me, my little reward, just as his hard, serious boot crept in between my legs and stroked me just enough to make me have to fuck it, bang, bang, bang, and he's done and I'm just getting started.

That's when he'd pull out of my mouth and tuck himself back in, and, oh, yeah, the cigar... it's gone out and he's got it

between his teeth, rolling it a little, sucking it back to keep it in his mouth while sustaining that disaffected sneer, doing to it just what I wish he was doing to my clit —

"Do you know when it's supposed to come?"

"What?"

A redheaded little pierced-lipped dyke was staring at me, standing with her hands in the pockets of her roomy jeans, standing barely a foot away from me by the yellow striped pole that teased of a bus that once might have passed by here, in another life. This beautiful baby-dyke was staring at me, and I was staring at the well-hung cock of this cigar-smoking leather daddy that had just become my imaginary friend.

"Do you know when this bus is supposed to come?" she repeated, and I, queen of the social graces, shrugged.

She glanced over at Leather Boy and raised an eyebrow in the form of a question as she fished in the inside pocket of her jacket. Leather Boy grunted something around the damp stump of his cigar that might have been, "lunuh." She'd found what she was looking for in her pocket, producing a small, vanilla-colored tin with a panther on it and flipping open the lid that said "Panter." I wondered if it contained some kind of "panther-strong" mints, but the gold paper tissue inside unfolded beneath her slim fingers to reveal a neat row of diminutive, but respectable cigars.

I tried not to pay any attention as one of those little Panthers slid between her peach-colored lips beside the beaded ring. I tried not to think about her teeth holding it gently, or her fingers crossed loosely around it, but I might as well have tried to ignore an elephant in a pink tutu.

In the unspoken code of the smokers' club, Leather Boy held out his Zippo and the redheaded baby-dyke leaned in to get a light. He blew a gray-blue puff of smoke in the non-specific direction of "fuck you" as she drew on her cigar, and the smaller puffs as she got hers going, like a little European car getting started in winter, mingled in thin white rings around it.

"Thanks," said the baby-dyke, and smiled at him with that smokers' club smile as he pocketed the Zippo. She smiled at him for what I thought was a bit too long for a cute little baby-dyke with a pierced lip and a red buzz-cut and low-rise jeans who was now officially, unbeknownst to her, my personal dyke. And I say that because, unbeknownst to her, I had her over the hood of the car in front of me and was fiercely licking her cunt like I was looking for the Tootsie-Pop center. It wasn't my fault. If these buses were just on time, ever, once, I'd be a nice Christian girl from Tallahassee.

But as it was, she'd been added to my private orgy. I pictured those roomy, low-rise jeans sliding coolly over her hips, down

her thighs, dropping past the grill of the car with a quiet thud onto the concrete as she settled back into her leather jacket while my fingers wandered inside her, swallowed up, snuggled all warm and nice within the folds of something beating with a soft, secretive life of its own. Maybe she'd take a slow drag on that slender cigar and then slip her soft hand inside my shirt and play with my tit as I leaned over her, stealing inside the bra, teasing me, then making an exclamation of her fingers against the nipple at the flick of my tongue in search of that Tootsie I was after.

I wondered if she'd wiggle and moan and wrap her legs around my hips while I traced my tongue from one end of her pussy to the other, circled it, licked the inside curve of her thigh... and then dove into her in enthusiastic surprise as Leather Boy stepped up behind me and yanked down my pants. (Now that was unexpected, but, hell, I'll go with it.)

Baby-Dyke bucks her hips up against me as Leather Boy drives his cucumber-hard cock into my well-lubed pussy, my tongue imitating his thrusts, my mouth buried in the bucking, wiggling cup of her cunt, and my clit being rubbed just right by the angle of his ride until I'm coming in rushing waves through my thighs and my ass and up, up, through every chakra I've got, and out of my mouth in a glorious burst of sound that rides straight on through into the bucking Baby-Dyke who's shouting, "Yes! Yes! Oh, God! Fuck me!" while hot satisfaction is spurting out of Leather Boy and into my endlessly rippling pool like a stone being dropped in its center; a quake at sea.

Something hit the sidewalk beside me and I jumped guiltily. A little spray of orange ember — the cigar, casually rubbed out under Leather Boy's no-nonsense boot. He hopped up the steps of the open bus in front of us, and Baby-Dyke followed, glancing back at me curiously as she tossed down her Panter. "Are you getting on?" she asked, holding the door, and I blinked at her, ever the cool conversationalist. Did she say "getting off?" She didn't just say "getting off," did she? Did she say "getting on," or "getting off"?

"No, I'm... no," I stammered, turning red. "I think I'll wait for the next one."

Baby-Dyke shrugged, and the door closed behind her as the bus pulled away. I looked down at the spent remains of Leather Boy's thick cigar and the narrow Panter beside it and let out my breath with a long, slow exhalation. One of these days, I was really going to have to quit.

Betty Blue is a polyamorous, Pagan, masochistic, pierced and tattooed bi-dyke and single mom hiding out in San Francisco, where it's ever-so-much easier to blend in. Horrified at the current state of affairs in Washington, she is planning on sneaking into Iceland and hitting on Björk. You can write to Ms. Blue at betty@backseatbetty.net.

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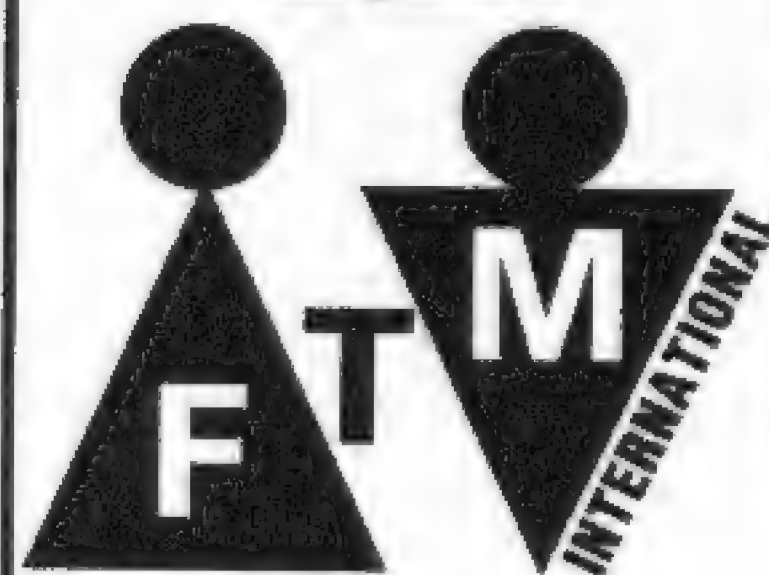
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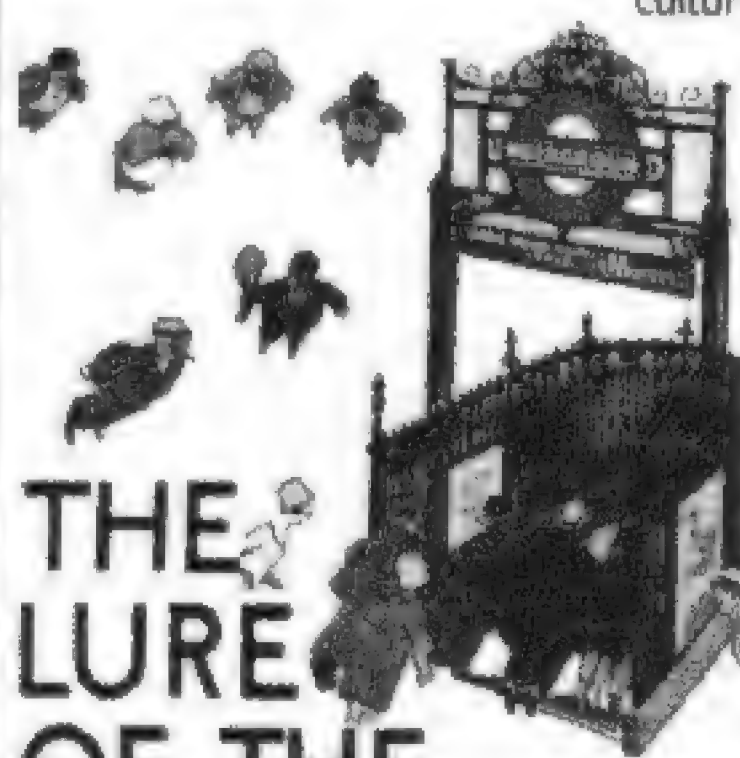
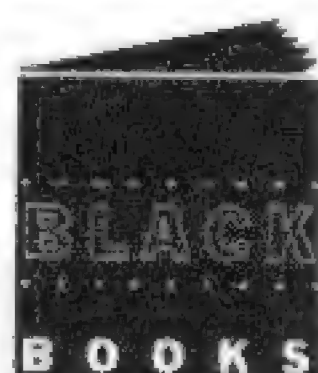
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THE FINAL CURTAIN

by Anne Killpack
art by Julia Keel

Our Heroes:

Ray, whose world has opened up since he started dating... Erika, a bisexual babe who has also caught the eye of ... Barbara, janitor by night, poet by day, who was egged on by... Vic, the FtM security guard who just had a hot-and-heavy avocado-laden fling with Ray, which was orchestrated by... Valerie, his editor, who has left the story to take care of... Jane, Erika's (and Valerie's) neurotic and drunken ex-lover.

When we last left, our heroes (Ray, Erica, Barbara, and Vic), having survived the benefit performance at which Barbara read poetry, Vic stage-managed, and Ray threw out his back, had been invited to the Scottish punk band Fag Hag-gis' post-benefit party.

Upon arrival, the Scots, directed by Ian, had carried Ray in triumphantly. "Toss him in the shower, lads, and send women and boys to him," Ian bellowed, his Scots accent slipping. "Never let it be said that the McMacManus clan does not honor its wounded."

"Why the shower?" Ray asked plaintively of one of the kilted men who were carrying him away. The bearded fellow grinned.

"Because we like people to be relatively clean before we put them in the hot tub, that's why, and Ian figures it's the best thing for your back. Towels in the stack of milk crates are clean, help yourself, oh, and there's a half-dozen different painkillers on the counter, have some. Although I recommend you not take anything that doesn't mix with booze."

"I, um, don't have a suit."

"Discard pile over there may have some that fit you, or you can be a brave Scot and go barenekkid." The helpful man closed the door to the bathroom, leaving Ray staring bewilderedly at his own reflection in a spattered mirror.

Eventually Ray found his way to the hot tub, feeling a little self-conscious wandering through the party in trunks and a towel, although no one else seemed to mind.

"There you are!" Erika exclaimed, planting a kiss on his cheek. "Hot tub is that way, I get the next shower and I'll bring us some drinks. What do you want? Ian recommends



whiskey, of course, but there's lots of other stuff."

Ray smiled and slid an arm around her waist. "How 'bout a double of that Scotch and then I'll follow it up with beer?"

"Good plan. I'll be out in a few minutes."

Ray went out the porch doors and found himself on a large patio on the side of a hill overlooking most of downtown San Francisco. a tower and span of the Bay Bridge, the Coit Tower, the gleaming lights of the city and just a hint of fog in the valleys... Ray's native eyes traced Market Street, Van Ness, looked for his house, his office.

There were a few people at the far end of the porch smoking cigarettes (or maybe not... cigarettes, but who cared), but the hot tub was empty and waiting. Ray carefully got himself over the edge and slid in with a groan of relaxation. He found a jet that hit the spot on his back, leaned against it, and admired the view. This was the life.

A moment later Erika came out with drinks, wearing what might have been her own bright red lingerie, and handed Ray a small glass full of Scotch. Ray downed it in three gulps as Erika splashed in beside him, and as Ray was gasping from the sting of the Scotch, Erika started rubbing his back.

"Ooh," Ray said incoherently, and slumped into her ministrations.

"I hate to do this now," Erika said softly in his ear, "but you and I should really talk. About us."

See "Dear Jane" (p.46)

"Mhmmm."

"I've been thinking I'd like to see other people. Not 'and not see you', but... oh, damnit, what I think I want, if it's good for you also, is for us to be polyamorous. I don't want to stop seeing you - in fact I think I'm starting to care about you a lot. But I don't want to stop this thing with Barbara, whatever it turns out to be, either."

Ray took her hands, held them in his over his chest, the best substitute for a hug he could manage, and waited for her to finish. Erika curled comfortably against his back.

"And even though I've never really been polyamorous - I've dated around and stuff, but never really in a serious relationship - I'm willing to give it a try. There's a whole shelf of poly books at Good Vibes," she said laughingly.

Ray smiled. "And what else were you doing at Good Vibes, anyway?" he teased, but became serious. "I think what you're talking about can work. My lover and I were talking about maybe opening our relationship a little - but then he got sick and all I wanted to do was spend all the time we could together. Other people could wait."

He caressed Erika's hands. "I've probably got a few of those books already. But I didn't want to get into something like that without an emotional commitment, at least with my primary partner. Otherwise I might as well just date around, like you said - and I really want to find someone I can do more than just have dinner with. I want a relationship and some emotional stability and commitment, and I wasn't sure if you wanted something like that. At least, not yet. Heck, I wasn't sure you were the right girl for me either," he said lightly, and sat back again with an arm around her. "But I think you're much too cool for me, actually, so I'll take the plunge. Wanna go steady?"

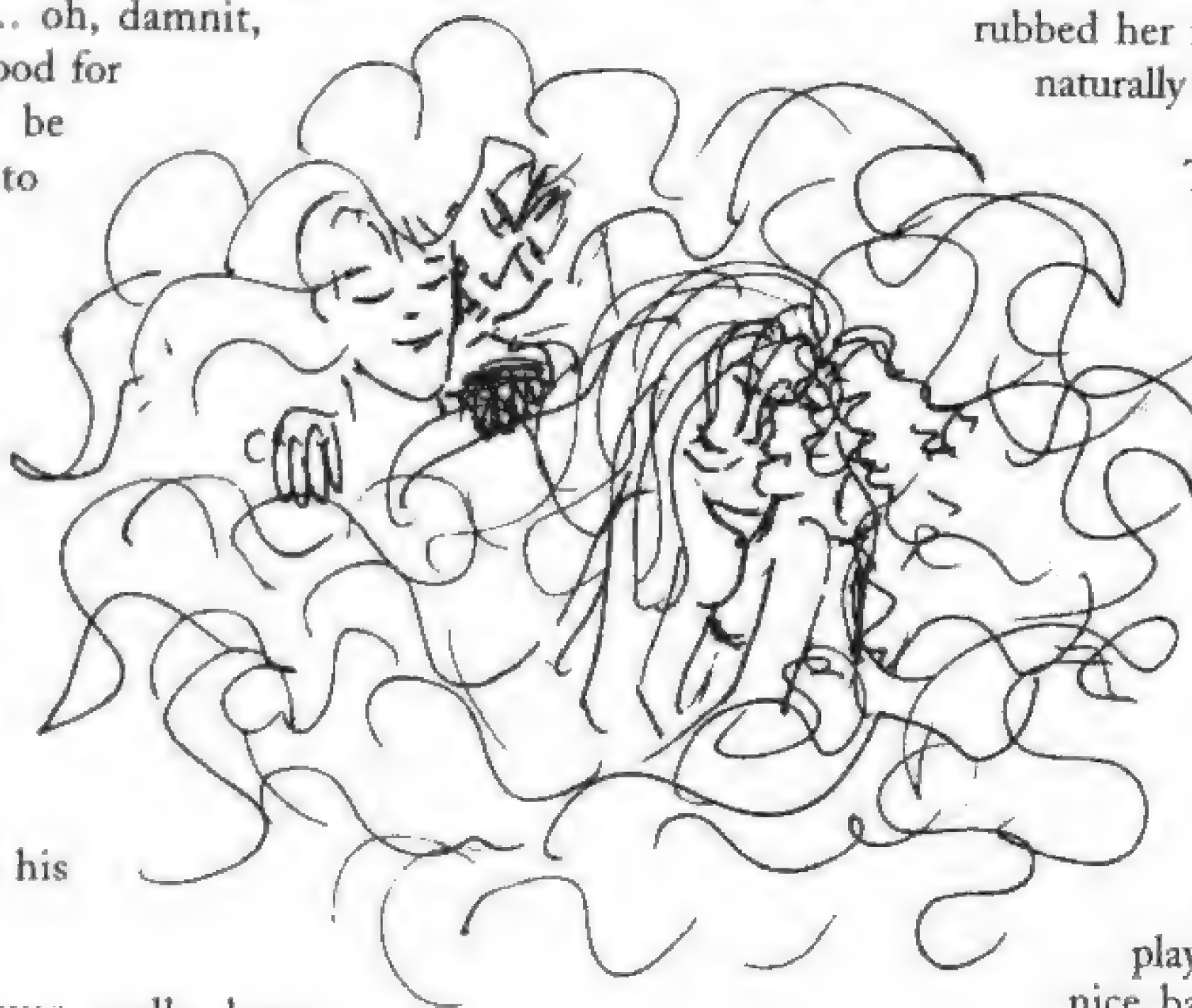
Erika laughed beautifully. "Go steady, Ray? How high school!" she said, leaning on his shoulder. "But very sweet. I'm just not sure what it means exactly."

Ray grinned. "I know. But I don't know what else to call it yet. I mean, 'Want to have an emotionally committed but sexually open relationship?' lacked romance."

"Sounds good, actually. And we can have sex with other people?"

"Sure. Safe sex, of course."

"Of course, mister what-was-I-doing-at-Good-Vibes." Erika rubbed her nose against his, which quite naturally led to a kiss.



The kiss and embrace might have gone on for hours, but Ray's back twinged suddenly, and he sat up straight with a wince. Erika made apologetic noises and ran her hands soothingly down his spine. Ray carefully reached for the sweat-beaded beers and had a sip.

"Tell you what," he said after a few minutes, "why don't you get Barbara out here to play with and I'll just lean on this nice back-soothing jet and admire the view?"

Erika beamed. "Really? You don't mind?"

"Well, I'm not good for much right now, and anyway, what red-blooded bisexual man ever turned down the opportunity to watch his girlfriend put the moves on a cute dyke?" Ray grinned.

"Geez, you're right. I'm practically handing you a Playboy fantasy on a plate," Erika said wryly. "Well, I'll invite Barbara out here and see what she thinks. Sure you don't want me to drag Vic out here for you?"

"Nah, that's fine - actually - I lie. If Vic will come out here and rub my back I'll be eternally grateful. Vic knows a bunch of massage therapist stuff."

"Oh, I'm not good enough for you, huh?" Erika teased, sitting on the edge of the hot tub.

"I'd rather see you rub Barbara."

"Oh, all right. Back in a few." Erika slid out, gleaming in the faint lights. "Oh, and I saw Jane right before we left the benefit, when you'd gone to the bathroom."

"Who?"

"My ex, Jane. She's been kind of psycho lately, but within all of thirty seconds she'd gone from screaming at me to sobbing apologetically for being such a bitch. I promised I'd call her and have coffee at some point, and this woman who was with her told me she'd make sure she got home okay. I think Jane had had one too many."

"Huh."

A few moments later Vic came out. "Hey, sailor. Your back still out?"

"Yeah, I really did a number on it," Ray sighed as Vic's hands felt for his shoulders. "You're gonna get your shirt all wet. Whyn'cha just come in the hot tub?"

"I'm not totally comfortable stripping down to my underwear in public," Vic said, taking his shirt off. "But a splash or two never hurt me. Sit up on the edge and I'll see what I can do for you. Damn, they've got a nice view."

"Yeah. I can see my house from here," Ray joked.

"No you can't," Vic admonished. "You live on the ground floor. And I think there's a building in the way."

"As long as I can't see my office. Ooogh," he said as Vic's hands did something painful but good to his back.

"Oh, yeah. Erika said that Barbara's in the shower and they'll both be out in a few minutes. How's that feel?"

"Mphgh."

"I swear you make more interesting noises when I do your back than when we had sex."

"That's 'cause I usually had my mouth full," Ray grinned.

A few moments later Erika arrived practically pulling Barbara by the hand. Ray was leaning on the friendly hot tub jet again and working on his second beer, with Vic leaning against the side of the tub, one arm still loosely draped over Ray's shoulders.

"Making sure he doesn't drown, Vic?" Erika teased.

"If he does, I'll give him mouth-to-mouth."

"Okay, good, then I'll let you be the lifeguard. He looks like a lifeguard anyway, with that hunky chest and blonde hair, doesn't he, Ray? I brought more beer, too. Come on, Barbara, don't be shy."

"Alright already," Barbara retorted, dropping the towel she'd had clutched around her still-damp-from-the-shower self. "It's freezing out here, you know."

"So get in the hot tub." Erika slid in, leaned over briefly to kiss Ray, and looked expectantly at Barbara, who'd gotten distracted by the skyline.

"What a beautiful view!" she exclaimed.

"Isn't it?" Ray agreed. "I don't know why everyone else is inside. This is the life."

Vic chuckled. "Because everyone inside is watching porn movies and playing some elaborate and complicated version of a porn drinking game."

"Oh."

"Yeah, it's pretty distracting," Erika admitted. "Good porn, too. Now isn't that better?" she said as Barbara slid in with a squeal.

"Oooh! Yes, it is. Um..." Barbara said hesitantly as Erika slid an arm around her. "Ray, is this okay?"

"Hm? Oh, you mean is it okay if my girlfriend puts the moves on you? Sure."

"Because I have a huge crush on your girlfriend," Barbara admitted.

"Me too," Ray said magnanimously. "Great tits, huh? Go on, have fun."

Erika laughed and snuggled up to Barbara. "I like hers better."

"I could so get used to this," Ray sighed happily, with Vic's arm around him and the skyline a perfect backdrop to the sight of Erika and Barbara kissing.

Epilogue:

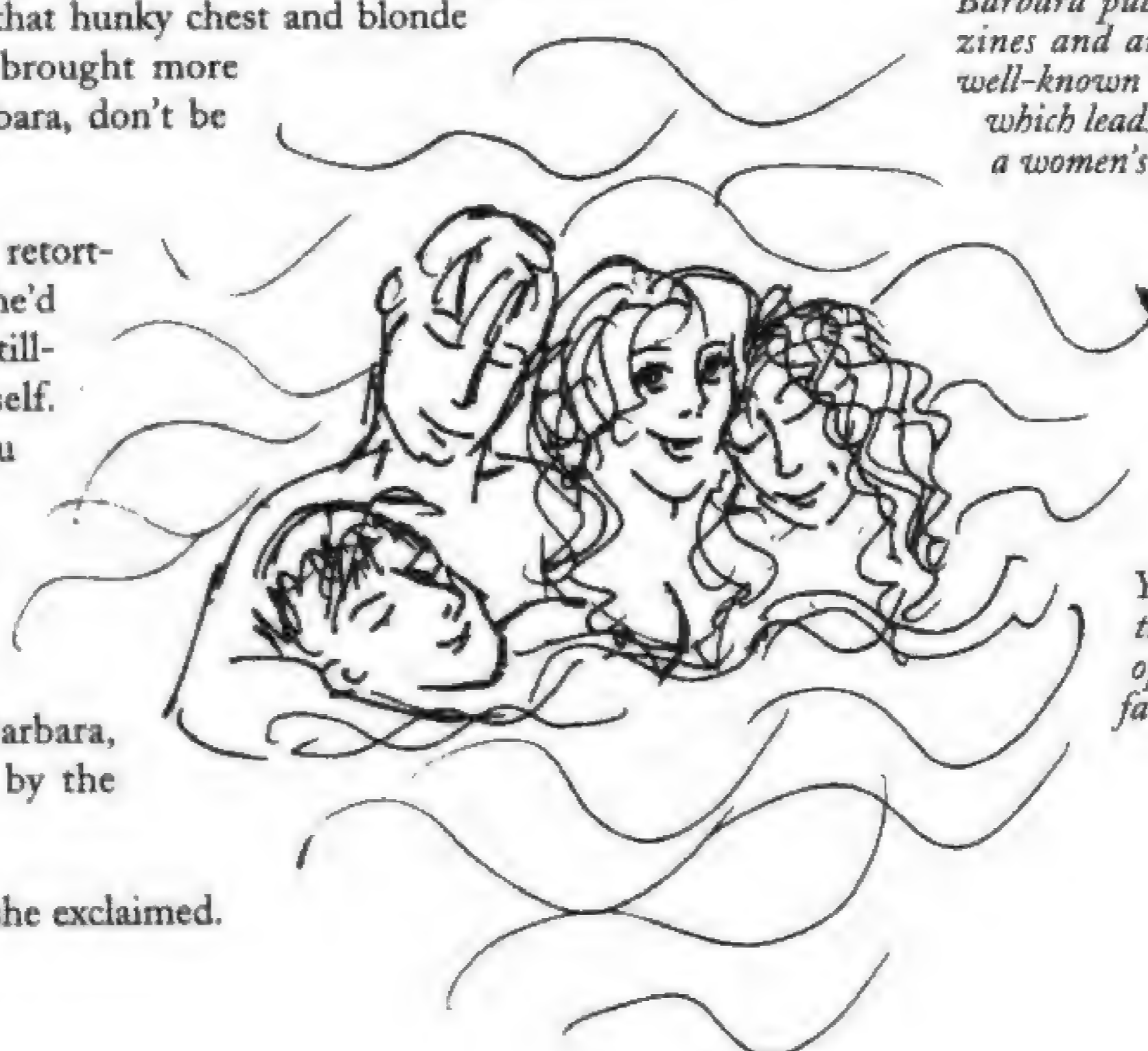
Erika and Ray eventually buy a house — with a hot tub — together. Ray becomes reviews editor at the Queer Central newspaper, and has a regular national column, with plans for a book that Valerie keeps egging him on to write. Erika's highly successful investment banking career allows her to retire early and take up welding and other volunteer work. Ray and Erika maintain an open relationship even after their commitment ceremony and become active in the polyamorous community.

Barbara publishes several poems in magazines and an anthology, and becomes very well-known on the local spoken-word circuit, which leads to a position as poetry editor for a women's journal.

Vic breaks into male modeling, gets the cover shot on a men's clothing magazine, and eventually lands himself several movie roles.

Jane? ... Jane becomes a highly successful soap opera writer.

Yes, this is the final installment of the Anything That Moves soap opera. If you've followed us this far, we hope you've enjoyed it!



REVIEWS

Best Bisexual Erotica

Edited by Bill Brent and Carol Queen

Black Books/Circlet Press

\$16 paperback

Reviewed by Keith Bowers

Bisexual people know that sexuality is more than just black and white, metaphorically speaking. In fact, it's more than simply having an appreciation for both sexes. Bisexuality is about the numerous gray areas in between, all the colors outside, and having the freedom to mix up any combination that comes to mind.

Bisexuality is enigmatic by nature, and bisexuals share common ground with similar groups, including transgender people, polyamorous folks, S/M players, and sex workers. In fact, many bisexuals fit into more than one of these categories — some even fit them all. Understandably, there are those who reject the term 'bisexual' because they find it too limiting. Free of the sexual-identity border patrol and the potential constraints of traditional romantic paradigms — not to mention all the crossover that happens in the kinky confederacy mentioned above — bisexuality can be quite different for every person who tries it on.

Bill Brent and Carol Queen thus faced a tall order when assembling the first-ever collection of bisexual erotica. They must have felt great pressure to make the anthology as definitive as possible by soliciting a wide range of material. After all, the volume will help represent bisexuality to every gay man, lesbian and straight person who reads it, as well as every budding bisexual looking to learn what it's all about. Drawing from literary talent across the country (including their own), Brent and Queen met the challenge, capturing the diversity, perversity, light-heartedness, and perpetual unpredictability of the bisexual experience. The result is *Best Bisexual Erotica*.

Consider some of what's covered in the 269-page collection: In Jamie Joy Gatto's "Pissing in the Men's Room," a woman and her husband playfully cruise men in a gay bar during Mardi Gras in New Orleans. In "First, Hello," Madeleine Schulman depicts a lesbian's nervous but intimate — and exciting — sex with her first male lover. In Hew Wolff's "Me And Jared," two teen-age boys accidentally discover their fiery desire and genuine affection for each other. In "Almost Free," Ariel Hart writes about a migrant Mexican woman

who keeps loneliness at bay by sharing sex and love (but not always both at once) with a group of male and female friends in a coastal fishing village. In Raven Kaldera's "Triple Dance", a transgender man and his live-in boyfriend lure the former's object of desire into bed only to find out that she's transgender, too. In Queen's "Like A Virgin", a lesbian who's well-versed in forbidden sex finds that the most transgressive thing she can do is have sex with a man.

In addition to covering a wide range of ages, genders, social classes, and geographic regions, the stories in *Best Bisexual Erotica* also embrace various points of view and sentiments.

Some are light-hearted and playful (Charles Anders' "The Great Blinking MacGuffin"), some are white-hot from start to finish (Hanne Blank's "Sauce for the Gander"), while others are somber and touching (Doug Harrison's "The Leather Daddy, His Boy, and the Dominatrix").

Role reversal is a continuing theme throughout the book. "Sauce for the Gander," the longest story at 21 pages, is about a hot Saturday morning tryst involving a woman, her boyfriend, and her girlfriend. The narrator, Anna, begins as a submissive, begging her boyfriend Dan for the anal penetration she knows is coming but that he loves to withhold: "Please, just fuck me," I begged hoarsely, burying my face into the pillows in frustration. 'Hard, please, please?'"

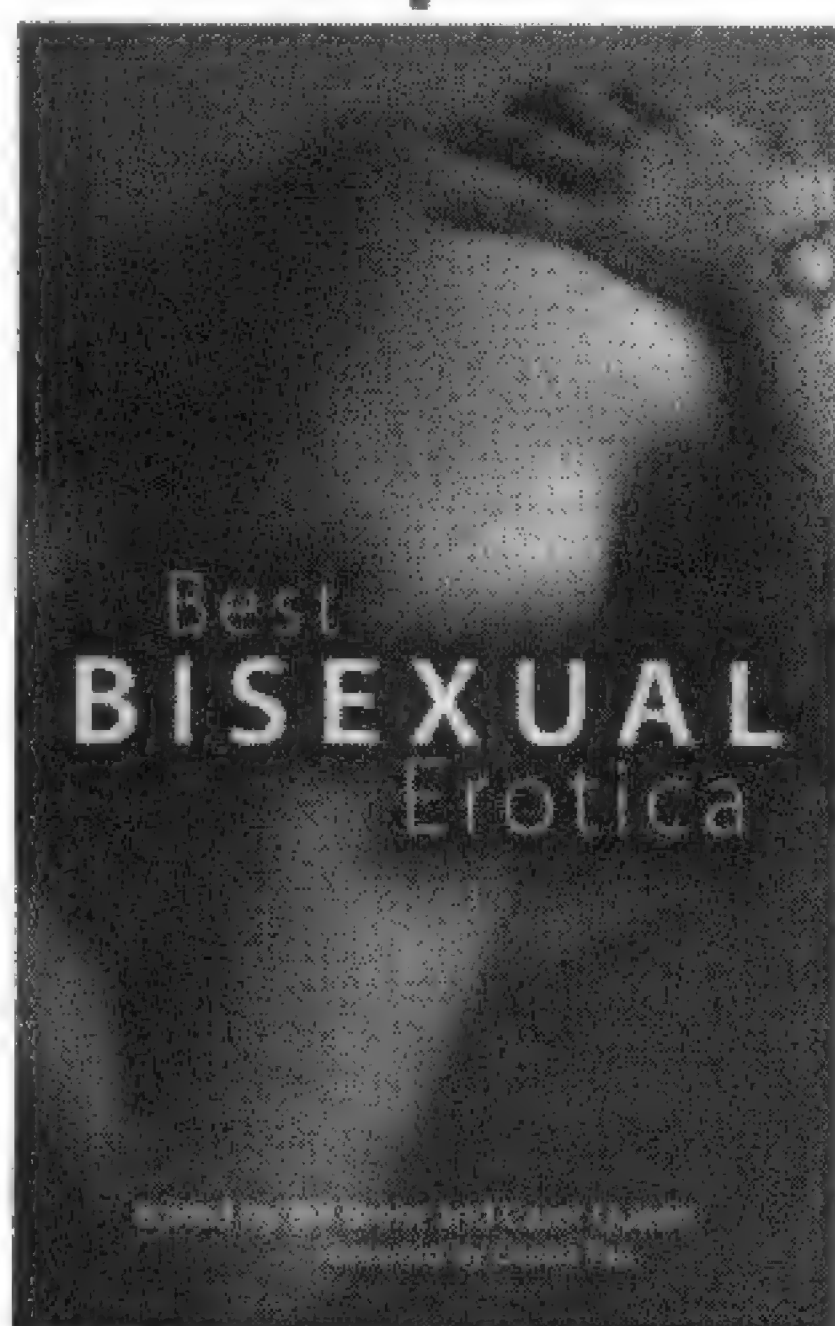
Later, when Anna gets a phone call from her very turned-on girlfriend Jill, she takes the lead, inviting Jill to help her take the uninitiated Dan to new heights (or depths, as it turns out). Anna revels in the role of psychological dominator during the ensuing encounter: "Are you trying to tell me that you want girl-cock in your boy-pussy, Dan?"

Talk about paradox.

Simple stories of erotic preoccupation and distraction also dot the landscape of *Best Bisexual Erotica*. Linda Eisenstein's "Her Mouth, In Which I Drowned", is less than three pages. It regards a couple's melancholy preoccupation with the mouth of a woman they each had sex with.

"When Katy ate a plum, you'd think you'd died and gone to heaven," Eisenstein writes. "Those sharp teeth biting into the purple skin, the rosy flesh bursting with juice, the pulp tender as a bruise."

With a couple of exceptions, the stories focus on human interaction rather than politics or ideology. We get to know char-



acters' fears, desires, needs and wants — and, of course, all the associated variations of hot sex. Although several homosexual and heterosexual people take their first walks on the respective "wild sides" of bisexuality, none of the stories becomes a morality tale, and no characters claim to have "found the truth" in bisexuality. In fact, many characters never give a name to their multiple attractions. Anders even pokes fun at the notion in "MacGuffin."

Although numerous passages evoked heavy euphoric sighs (sometimes I even put the book down for a few seconds to savor a line I'd just read), the story that stood out for me most was Andy Ohio's "Cartographers of Desire." Unorthodox in form and daringly short for a story covering such a complex topic, "Cartographers" uses several brief conversations and encounters to chronicle a gay man's struggle with his desire for a woman, a breakup with his boyfriend, and the eventual love, lust and understanding the three of them come to share.

Ohio uses the journalist's rule of "show, don't tell" to humanistically illustrate a loving relationship between two men and a woman. Zack, the narrator, can't explain their connection or even speculate where it will go. He only knows that the three-way relationship satisfies a deep longing that nothing else ever has.

"I feel, maybe for the first time, complete," Zack says after the first sexual interaction between himself, his boyfriend Steve, and the woman named Lara. "Maybe there is a new way. Maybe three isn't a crowd. Only time will tell."

No volume is perfect, and *Best Bisexual Erotica* does have its flaws. The first one is only a minor typo, but unfortunately it

appears 10 lines into Cecilia Tan's foreword, when David Bowie is identified as a "role model." (Ack!) Another editing gaffe comes in an especially riveting part of "Triple Dance" when a character's name inexplicably turns from "Shelley" to "Stephanie" and back again a few lines later. These, fortunately, are minor oversights that can be corrected in the next printing.

I had conceptual problems with only one story. Raven Gildea's "Boy Bashing" is a vengeance fantasy in which a young straight guy mistakes a butch lesbian for a man, harassingly calls her "faggot," and then gets dragged behind a dumpster, handcuffed, gagged, and raped with a strap-on. It's powerful and well-written, to be sure, and plenty descriptive. The protagonist (if she can be called that) uses lots of lube, and the boy gives nonverbal indications that he might be enjoying the violation. S/M and role playing are one thing, but genuine anger and vengeance like this I just don't find erotic, no matter who's violating whom.

A testament to *Best Bisexual Erotica's* content came on a spring afternoon in a San Francisco coffee joint. I was sitting at a table, talking to a friend, with the book at the bottom of a stack of several others. As a woman was leaving the place, the book's gray-and-white spine caught her eye, and she approached the table and adamantly said, "That book's hot! Oh my God, I couldn't believe it! That book is so hot!"

I could only smile in knowing agreement.

Blessed Bi Spirit

Edited by Debra R. Kolodny

Continuum Press

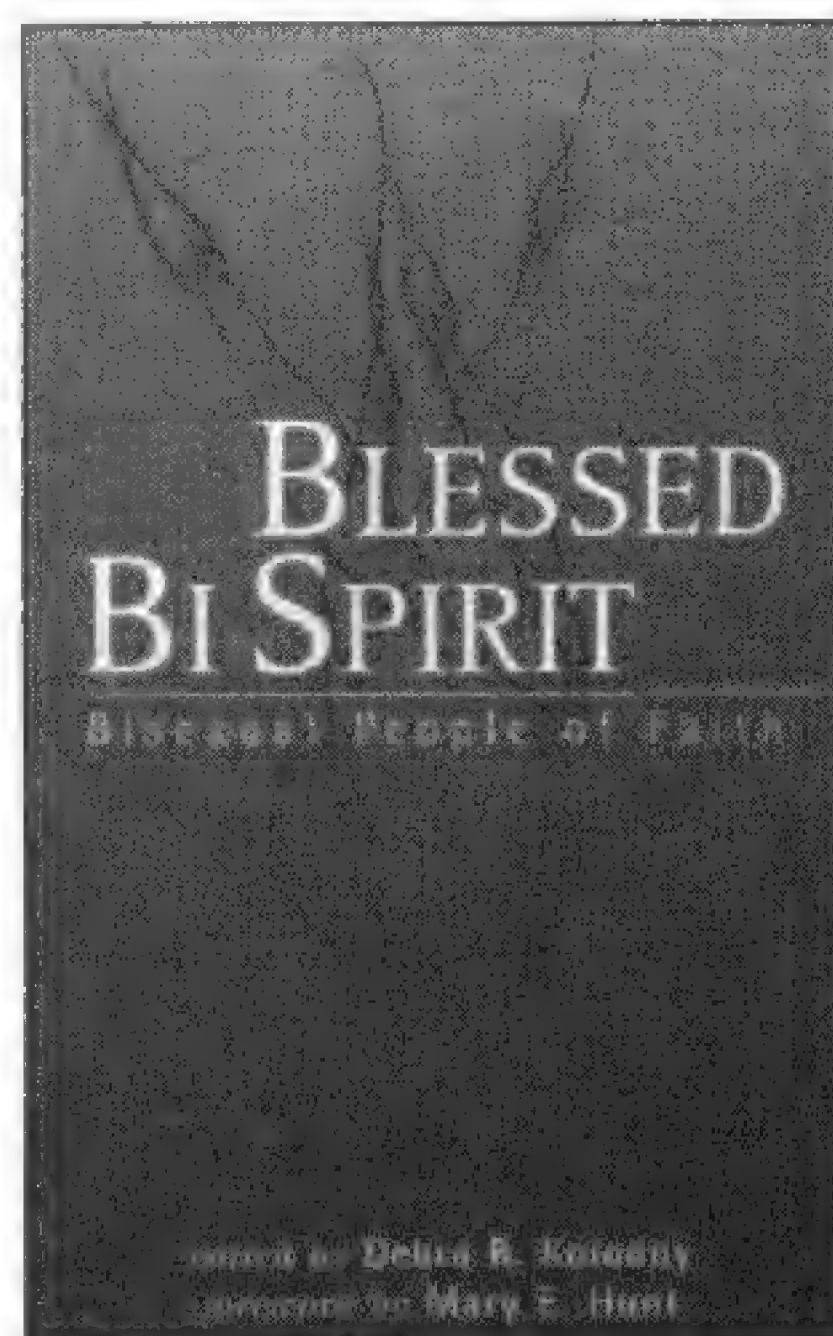
\$24.95

Reviewed by Mark Silver

The progressive movement in this country has been hugely successful over the past 30-40 years, in that it has been a movement of criticism and tearing down structures. We have been reduced to a cynical society of distrustful individualists. The challenge before us, and the reason why the religious right has been so successful, is that there are few progressives who have a coherent, enticing, inclusive vision of the future.

People of any faith, by nature, have a belief and vision of the future, based on some understanding of divine spirit. *Blessed Bi Spirit* is a diverse group of 32 folks, men and women from many paths including Pagan, Christian, Buddhist, Hindu, Jewish, American Indigenous, and Twelve-step, who speak with honesty about the intertwining paths of their sexuality and spirituality.

Laurel Dykstra, who wrote a piece entitled "Jesus, Bread, Wine, and Roses," concluded her piece like this: "My tradition says that



G*d is love, and I take great delight in the knowledge that, despite what churches may tell me, G*d/love is forever pushing me and pulling me out of the closet and onto the street." Laurel, who identifies with the Catholic Worker denomination, part of a long history of radical Catholic activism, makes a point that I agree with strongly. Being active in the world from a place of love and creation can propel you through life, to resist the choices of assimilation and silence, and instead speak and act to

create the world in which we want to live.

Another piece that moved me deeply was Gary Bowen's "If You Do Not Tell the Truth, It Will Strangle You." He speaks as someone from the Creek Indian tradition, and talks about a common accessory, the choker. In his tradition, the

Please see "Bi Spirit" (p.50)

REVIEWS

"Bi Spirit" (from p.49)

choker is not jewelry, it is a commitment to the truth. The choker is made of bones, from pieces of creatures that were once living. The wearer is carrying the ghosts of ancestors, which demand a commitment to doing what is right, to living from truth, else the bones will choke you. Literally. It explains what I know to be true, that when we ignore our hearts, our spirit, when we do the convenient thing over what we know is right, it hurts a little piece of us, bit by bit. That's why there are more heart attacks at 9:00 a.m. Monday morning than at any other time — we're living, and dying from, the compromises with our souls. Conversely, I have found that a commitment to living in truth frees up such divine creative energy that miracles happen around me every day. Gary makes this point strongly.

Reading these spiritual stories gives the book some of the flavor, and much of the importance, of *Bi Any Other Name*, that ground-breaking anthology of bisexual voices. But it is more than a coming-out book, and it is more than just an anthology of spiritual-types. It is in many ways a high-water mark, a sign of maturity in the movement.

All of that said, I was left feeling a little cranky after reading the book, and it took me a while to figure out why. I think I'm stuck in that place between being done with identity politics, and yet not wanting to be made invisible by assumptions about who I am — whether people assume I'm Christian or I'm straight. A classic bisexual response, eh, wanting it both ways.

At times I found myself somewhat buried by different writers' insistence on hammering their own identity home in one way or another, and felt I wanted to see more of the Spirit and less of the Bi found in the book's title. I think maybe it reveals more about my impatience to get to some sort of "truth," than it does about the writers, but there you have it. There were times that certain writers felt more academic than heart-based, more theoretical in their story-telling than in the art of telling the story so we can feel it, which I think is at the heart of spirituality — stories, ceremony, prayers that help us to feel our connection to the divine.

And yet, the book is full of heart. The 30-plus pieces touched me deeply, and have added to my optimism and faith in where we are all going, and what we are creating. I urge you to take part in reclaiming our spirituality, our religions, our traditions, and I urge you to get this book.

Come Hither

by Dr. Gloria Brame
Simon & Schuster
\$13.00

Reviewed by Gail Cassafer

Come Hither, by Dr. Gloria Brame (author of *Different Loving: The World of Sexual Dominance and Submission*), is a very nice beginner's book on S/M, written to be very reassuring and very warm and fuzzy. No matter how abnormal you might feel a particular kink is, odds are really good that the author has corresponded with someone weirder. They aren't sick, you're not sick, and it's all okay.

The book is complete with pop quizzes to test your kink quotient and whether or not you're ready to explore your kinky nature (or your kinky partner). Sections include, but are not limited to, a basic glossary, beginners' how-tos including meeting other perverts, exploring bondage and pain, being a sexual dominant or submissive, and lots and lots and lots of personal anecdotes.

The main limitation of the book (and the author admits this freely) is that the book is written from the perspective of a heterosexual female dominant. Bisexuality is mentioned only



twice in the text, and only in passing, and shows up in the glossary of slang terms as "bi-kinky," which is defined as playing with partners of either gender but restricting sexual acts to the opposite gender. The author directs the interested reader to consult other authors about gay and lesbian leathersex because this is one area in which she has no experience, but unfortunately she does not do the same in describing transgender, transsexual, and

transvestite practices. The three are conflated and possibly confused to a degree that makes me very uncomfortable.

If what you want is a nice, slightly fluffy, non-threatening introduction to S/M with a distinct (though subtle) straight slant, this book may be perfect. If you want something with a queer viewpoint or a little more tooth to it, you probably won't need to add this book to your library.

Dirty Words: Provocative Erotica

by M. Christian
Alyson Publications
\$19.95

Reviewed by Jon Spinner

M. Christian, one gathers from reading his stories, seems to be the forgotten and abused love child of Chi Chi LaRue and the Native American poet Peter Blue Cloud. He apparently was, while growing up, beaten often and lovingly, forced to watch everything in the Turner Classic Movie archives, given *Heavy Metal* magazines to read, fed only coffee grounds, and allowed to spend his free time masturbating in the mildewed corner of a dank basement, spinning webs with his own sperm. The only change, now that he is older, is that his webs can catch a reader and drag them down with him. For those people with a touch of filth in their souls, it is a wonderful trip.

M. Christian's latest publication is a compilation of erotic gay stories. The 14 stories in *Dirty Words: Provocative Erotica*, 9 of which have appeared in other publications, vary a bit in quality and heat. A few, like "Puppy," a maybe-beastial-maybe-not story, and "Casey, the Bat," an erotic retelling of the Ernest Thayer poem, are so short and have story arcs so slight that they are anecdotal. This is particularly annoying because the exceptional writing in his longer pieces makes the poorer offerings stand out.

Of the stories, "Coyote and the Less-Than-Perfect Cougar," "The Harley," "How Coyote Stole the Sun," and "Wet" are the best. Those, alone, make the book worth buying. Two others, "Chickenhawk" and "Echoes", deserve honorable mention because they are very well written, but they also have a tortured eroticism that carries a bitter taste. Most readers will probably not read them more than once.

A good measure of a short story writer is the relationship his stories have with their titles. Some authors have titles that are lamely cut-and-pasted from the dialog or text of a story. Some have titles that are perfect little jingles for what has been laid out. But M. Christian is one of those few, brilliant writers that can produce titles that work with the story, that tease and hint at meaning at the beginning and end with a sassy double entendre or a silken moral.

"Wet" is one of the better examples of this. It is a finely crafted story that is soaked with wetness from beginning to end.

It starts with blood and ends with blood, and along a watercourse of life's essential fluids it shows us steamy lust and flowing despair.

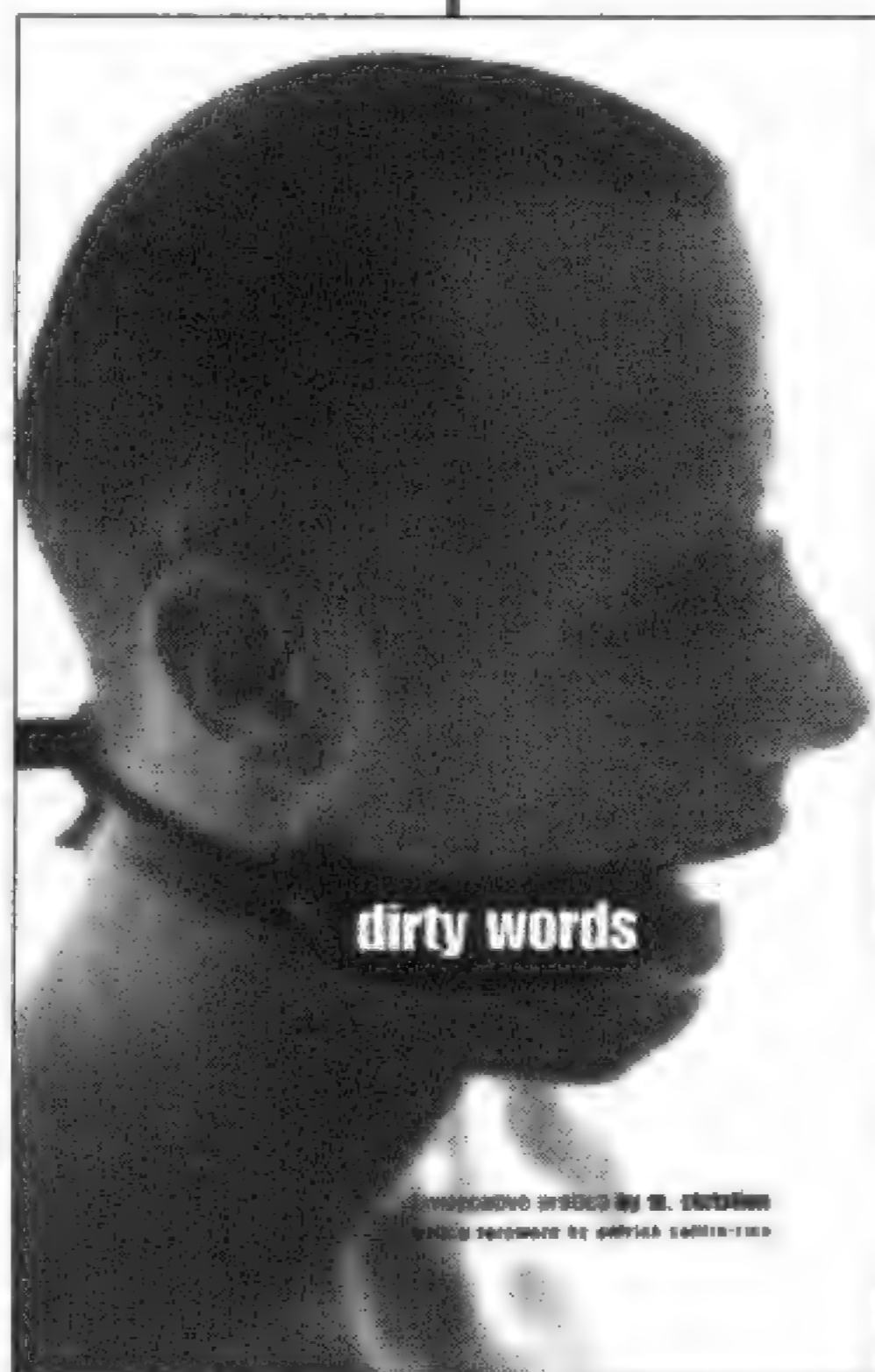
Another sign of a competent author is their ability to dip into mythology and pull out glowing gems for the reader. M. Christian displays that rare talent of spinning stories that are worthy of myth and legend themselves. His two stories about the trickster, Coyote, are rife with Coyote's spirit. In "How Coyote Stole the Sun" we see the main character, Dog, use his wit, luck, and considerable sexual prowess to steal some special stuff from the mountainous Roc. True to the incarnations before him, Dog understands little of what he wins. In "Coyote and the Less-Than-Perfect Cougar" Coyote enters as the antagonist and leaves his prey, John, stunned and destitute, though not wholly worse off for the experience.

This book, though, is erotica. It is therefore most important to judge the author's talent by how well he raises the reader's blood pressure. By how fast the heartbeats thump by. It is in this that M. Christian shines most brightly. From unique and fresh encounters to sweaty grinds, he delivers.

"The Harley" is one of many stories in the work that treats the reader to full-tilt, nasty man-sex. Whether it's the giving of, "White and long, uncut head making it even more like a fucking spear or something, it leapt from his jeans like it got thrown from Mammoth's crotch towards Pup's mouth, like it fucking naturally lived in the kid's throat and Mammoth just kept it on a leash in his pants," or the receiving of "Pup started to moan and cry in a tempo that slowly started to approach the bucking of Mammoth behind him. His arms started to shake, and he started to droop and drop with each slamming blow of Mammoth's hips from behind him," this author does his job.

M. Christian writes extremely well. Words from the mouths of characters like Dog and Monster and Chev leap off of the page and pant in the reader's ear. The author's screams can be heard quite clearly coming from the street outside. Erotic imagery in his work extends far beyond a scramble through Satanic thesauruses for hip variations of the word "ass-fucking." It comes, instead, from the dark scenes left over in the psyche after one's worst fears and most twisted fantasies have been realized. Similes like "The insertion... was like a boxcar coasting through the yards: slow but unstoppable" paint it in blood and semen and spit.

This isn't your parents' Victorian erotica. It is opium-induced ramblings from Mark Twain as he stumbles down a muddy Barbary Coast alley with his pants down around his ankles.



REVIEWS



Body Piercing

by Andrew Dunbar
and Sean Lahn
St. Marin's Press
\$19.95

Reviewed by Emilie
Gabriel

As an elegant coffee-table book for the alt-appearance communities, *Body Piercing* is a good start.

The black-and-white photography is attractive and artistic, displaying the jewelry as a part of the overall body rather than an isolated object. Many of the shots rise above the average to the intriguing, such as a photo of an ampallang-pierced penis surrounded by raw sausages. The first half of the book especially contains some unique and creative pieces of jewelry, far and away beyond the standard bars and rings, and does credit to the jeweler's contribution to this aesthetic.

I found myself somewhat disappointed at the overall book, however, due to the lack of variety and spice among the actual piercings. Perhaps the denizens of San Francisco have spoiled me, but I personally know several people with more boundary-stretching piercings than those displayed herein. There are a few too many of the basics — ears, nose, navel, nipple, lip and a few eyebrows, many with the most basic of studs or hoops — and only a few genital piercings depicted.

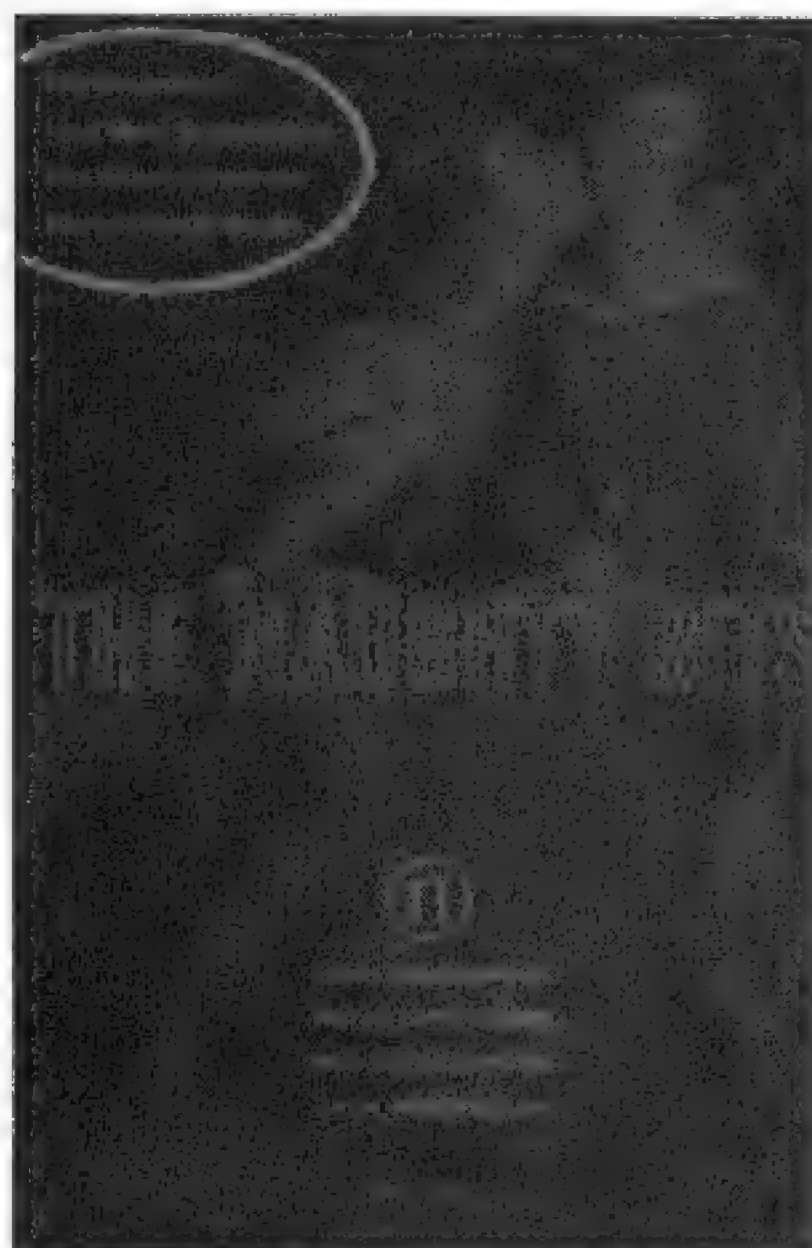
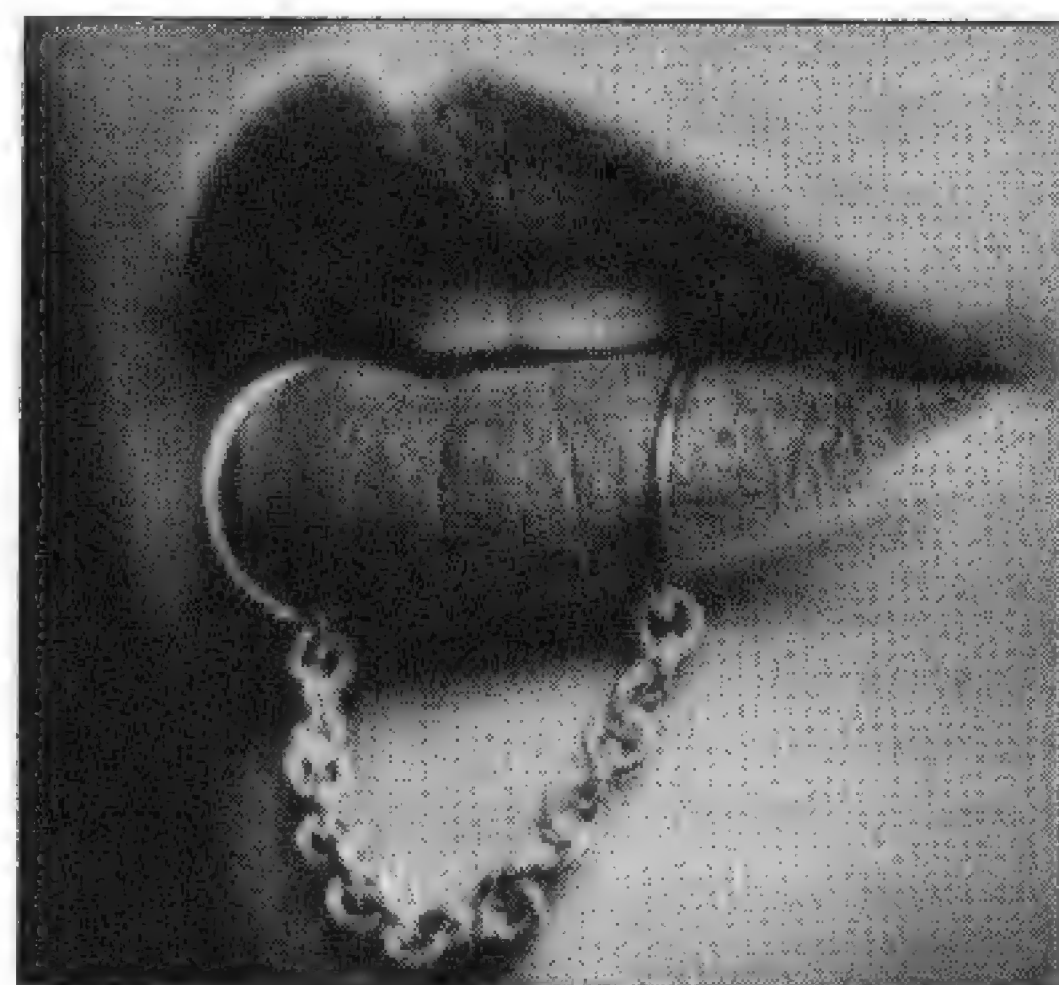
I would have preferred to trade the photo of what appears to be almost a Nike logo in a pedestrian earlobe for any of a number of stretched earlobes I've met.

And with only two not-very-notable exceptions, the book was very short on anything with more than one or two holes; there was nothing to rival my housemate's quadruply-ringed eyebrow, much less the more exotic denizens of Haight Street.

I found myself particularly irritated with a fingernail piercing photo; if one must consider these 'real' piercings (which I feel I can safely say they are not, as I pierce mine infrequently myself), I would have preferred to see a real fingernail than ones I strongly suspect were false.

Overall, it's pretty, but didn't push my boundaries in the least. It may even have been *too* pretty. I'd like to see the same subject expanded more adventurously; non-metal jewelry and less common piercings would round out the collection nicely. Perhaps a second edition, or different authors, will do more for the art of piercing.

Meanwhile, this book does look nice on the coffee table.



The Naughty Bits

Edited and
introduced by
Jack Murnighan
Three Rivers Press
\$14.00

Reviewed by
Anne Killpack

The Naughty Bits is a compilation of weekly columns from Nerve.com, advertised as a thinking person's Web-erotica site. Murnighan's column presents the 'naughty bits' from various works of literature; from Dante to Barth, ancient to modern, poetry and prose, pedestrian and peculiar. It's dirty bedside reading for the literary-minded, and Murnighan does an excellent job of picking them out for us.

Each selection is introduced — or, in the case of the very familiar, re-introduced — to us by Murnighan with a few paragraphs of his own, ranging from literary speculation to meditations on masturbation.

The selections themselves are an excellent mix of the well-known and unfamiliar, obscure passages by well-known authors, and of course, the bits many a lit-geek thumbed repeatedly in their studious years. And a few highly unex-

pected pieces sure to intrigue the pervert-reader in us — who didn't want the dirty bits from the *Starr Report*? How many of us wondered about the kinky stuff in *Crash* or *A Man In Full* but didn't want to read the whole thing? It's a kind of *Cliffs Notes* for the horny. Murnighan is the kid in class who'd tell you what page of *Moby Dick* to read to find out about the whale's penis.

There are, of course, some predictable choices, but it wouldn't have been the book it should without the *Song of Solomon*, Lady Chatterley, Marvell's coy mistress, the Kama Sutra, Sappho, and the Marquis de Sade. And Murnighan mines the smut from such diverse literary sources as Plato and Larry Flynt for our titillated reading pleasure.

It's not all about sex, of course, at least not directly. The whale's penis is but one example; coprophilia, bondage, masturbation, pedophilia, and other kinks-beyond vie with

courtly love, erotic descriptions of food, desire, longing, and old-fashioned sex. Even new-fangled sex, as evidenced by a selection from Gibson's *Neuromancer* which Murnighan shows us to illustrate the possibilities of the future. It's an excellent mix.

There are, of course, gems of great-book smut that didn't make it in, and every lit-major

will find a few favored pieces missing. But no book can have everything, and the lack of Byron, for instance, was made up for by the overall excellence and interest value of the selections present.

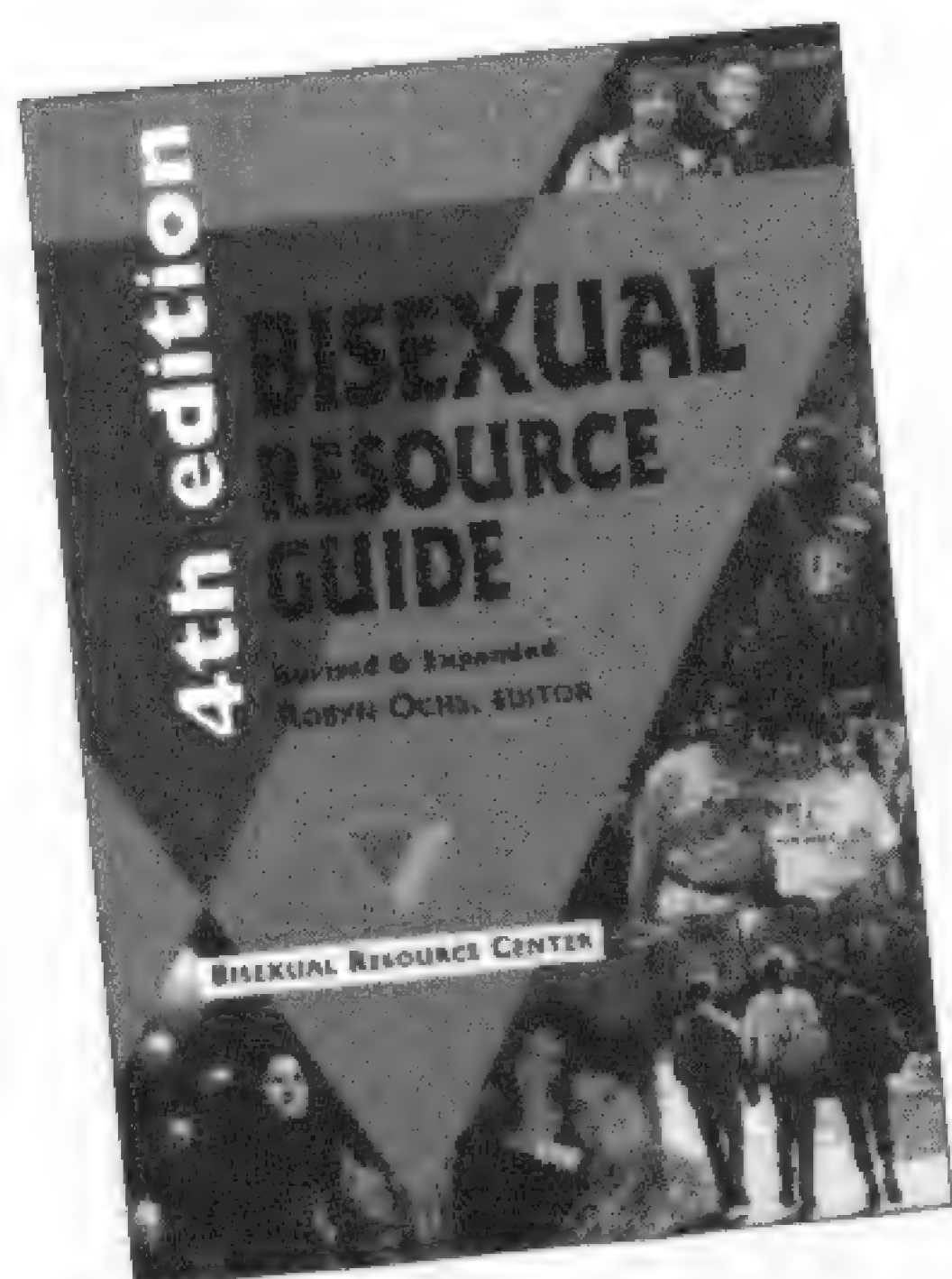
The only real drawback to the book is that, like most excerpts have to be, it's a bit of a tease. None of the selections seem quite long enough to get you there; it's a highbrow version of the thirty-second porn previews in quarter arcades.

But there's a lot to be said for teasing as foreplay.

It's kind of a Cliffs Notes for the horny.

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GenderPAC Board Departures Spark Controversy

By Charles Anders

Washington DC's main gender rights advocacy group, GenderPAC, came under fire from some of its previously strongest supporters after Executive Director Riki Wilchins moved to broaden the group's focus.

Wilchins, in an interview with *Anything That Moves*, said GenderPAC's mission always included a "broad-based movement" for gender rights. But critics say Wilchins has turned her back on the transgender community, leaving already marginalized TG people marginal within their own movement.

"The word 'transgender' has been cleansed from use. People have been told not to use it," complained former board member Julie Ann Johnson. She said Wilchins and her allies cleansed the GenderPAC board of transgender members and used "revisionism" to claim the organization had always had a mission beyond supporting the TG community.

Johnson said she's one of six people to leave the GenderPAC board in late 2000 and early 2001. The board grew rapidly in 2000: It had only three members at the start of last year, all three of whom have now left.

In the wake of the departures, GenderPAC's board is half "gay, feminist, and youth-identified," and half transgender, says Wilchins.

And the GenderPAC staff, which was all transgender a year or so ago, is now entirely non-transgender, claimed Johnson. (A letter from Wilchins to community groups says four out of five "public officers" of GenderPAC are transgender.)

Johnson believes Wilchins' moves are aimed at making GenderPAC "conservative and mainstream", so she can "raise great sums of money" and create a bigger platform. When Johnson wanted to support the inclusion of transgender protections in the Employment



Non-Discrimination Act last year, she was told this was "the wrong position", she says.

Another former GenderPAC board member complained in a letter to community activists that GenderPAC abandoned its congressional lobbying for hate crimes and non-discrimination bills last summer.

GenderPAC's executive board wrote in response to the organization's critics that two reasons, "one practical, the other moral", underlie the decision to broaden the organization's focus.

The practical reason: There are too few transgender people to build a "strong, broad-based national movement" for gender rights. Trying to include non-transgender people in that movement doesn't mean distancing the organization from TG causes, the board insisted. The moral reason: GenderPAC shouldn't ignore the plight of others who struggle with gender, like a "faggy" boy or "lesbian wearing a suit and tie".

"Gender is too basic to any identity... to leave anybody behind", Wilchins argued. "Gender is the non-verbal part of speech. You wouldn't think of confining freedom of speech to one group. Why would you confine freedom of gender to one group?"

And Wilchins wants to include not just gender non-conformists, but people who suffer because of gender conformity. "I'm no less concerned with Brandon Teena than with a high school girl who's raped because she's wearing a short skirt on the wrong night", Wilchins said.

GenderPAC's Web site, www.gpac.org, is notable for the lack of the word "transgender".

It's clear Wilchins wants GenderPAC to stand for an ideal: The right

See "GenderPAC" (p.56)

All news briefs have been culled from press releases sent to *Anything That Moves* by the named organizations or written by staff, and edited by ATM News Editor Charles Anders. To submit a press release, email it to:

press@anythingthatmoves.com

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"GenderPAC" (from p.55)

of every individual to express a gender identity without suffering for it. What's less clear is whom GenderPAC aims to represent in this fight. Wilchins sidesteps the question, saying GenderPAC isn't "a representational organization. This is an issue-based organization." Talk of constituencies comes from "identity politics", which Wilchins sees as divisive.

"Identity politics is so 20th century", Wilchins scoffed.

One striking thing is that most of Wilchins' critics agree with her about the dead-end status of identity politics. One letter signed by 24 leading transgender activists in January echoed her views approvingly. But it said that in practice, the "non-identity politics" of GenderPAC add up to "mainstreaming".

Johnson said she voted last year to support broadening GenderPAC's mission statement to move away from identity politics. "GenderPAC should be out there for other people" besides TGs, she said. But she also said transgender people are "being hidden behind a screen because we're an embarrassment." The debate over GenderPAC's future has implications for other queer liberation movements. Even if everyone involved agrees that adhering to a group mentality is ultimately counter-productive, activists disagree about the alternative.

When a group faces discrimination and violence because of something they have in common — in this case, flouting society's rules on gender presentation — should they organize as a group, or try to involve others in a critique of the rules that oppress them? That question touches on political philosophy, as well as the realities of organizing a movement that people will support.

Penni Ashe Matz, writing in the *GAIN Newsletter*, offered an alternative to ditching identity politics altogether. Because TG people have only just started to form an identity, they should broaden the identity by defining it in terms of behavior, she argued. Many people, especially people of color, engage in TG behavior, including hormones and surgery, but don't call themselves transgender. Matz says TG activists should try to reach out to those people.

Johnson said she'd been a principal financial supporter of the organization, donating half of its budget in 1998 and 1999 and 10 percent of the budget in 2001. "I believed in the organization," she said. "I wanted to see it grow, and grow it did."

According to Johnson, the new focus on broad "gender rights" is like "the NAACP going out and being in favor of civil rights for all Americans as their policy."

The TG activists' open letter said "a disturbing vacuum" had developed at the national level in TG politics. GenderPAC, which had been the "voice of the transgender community on federal public policy issues," had distanced itself from the community, they charged. The letter asked any interested people to take part in organizing a new national TG rights movement. Responding to that letter, GenderPAC said "more than one horse" could run in the race for gender rights, and pledged its support to the new organization, as yet unformed.

GenderPAC's First National Conference on Gender, scheduled for May, has come under fire as well for excluding workshops aimed at transgender people specifically. Wilchins said she gave preference to all-inclusive workshops that could speak to "soccer moms" as well as FtM transsexuals. Workshop presenters at the GenderPAC confer-

ence include Elizabeth Toledo, executive director of NGLTF, TG activist Dana Rivers, and a number of "youth activists" and representatives of BGLT groups.

Johnson, at least, still expresses "great respect for Riki," who she calls a "tireless worker" and "charismatic leader". But at the same time, she says she feels, "I was snookered".

Paris Earns 'Gay' Sobriquet

Paris became the first major city in the world to elect an openly gay mayor with the election of Socialist Bertrand Delanoë. His victory over a right wing candidate was seen as a blow to President Jacques Chirac.

(Source: DataLounge.com)

Marriage Equality Forms National Organization

Marriage Equality California (MECA) and Marriage Equality New York (MENY) have joined to form a new national organization called Marriage Equality USA. The new organization's Web site is www.marriageequality.com. New groups are forming in other states.

The new organization notes that bills have been introduced in six states so far this year offering same-sex couples the right to either marriage or civil unions similar to those permitted in Vermont. Meanwhile, activists plan new lawsuits in several states seeking same-sex marriage rights.

MECA celebrated Valentine's Day 2001 by taking part in National Freedom to Marry Action 2001 with the LAMBDA Legal Defense and Education Fund.

(Source: MECA)

Study Shows Two Men Could Reproduce

Japanese scientists succeeded in growing sperm in a laboratory, the *London Times* reported. The scientists said they would one day be able to help infertile men grow sperm. But they also said men's sperm could be used to produce female eggs.

In other words, the research could provide a means for two men to produce offspring that was genetically related to both. It's unclear if the technique could work the other way, to allow two women to reproduce. So far, the technique has worked only on mouse cells, but the scientists plan to work next on cells from adult men.

(Source: DataLounge.com)

Louisiana Sodomy Law Struck Down

A judge ruled that Louisiana's sodomy law violates the state constitution's privacy provision. "A man's home is still his castle in Louisiana," said John Rawls, a New Orleans attorney who challenged the state sodomy law on behalf of members of the Louisiana Electorate of Gays & Lesbians. District Court Judge Carolyn Gill-Jefferson will issue a permanent injunction against the statute, which calls anal and oral sexual acts between adults in their homes immoral and punishable by up to five years in prison and \$2,000 in fines. The ruling will automatically be appealed to the state supreme court, according to Charles Braud, Assistant Attorney General.

Meanwhile, Maryland appeared close to becoming the 12th state to ban discrimination against bisexual, gay and lesbian people after a conservative Senate committee passed a bill that added the words "sexual orientation" to the state's existing civil rights law. The bill would ban discrimination in employment, public accommodations, housing, education, and health.

The bill now goes before the full Senate, which is expected to approve the measure. The House of Delegates, which has passed similar legislation in the past only to see it die in Senate committee, also is expected to approve it. Gov. Parris Glendening, who has made passage of the bill a priority, has pledged to sign it.

(Source: DataLounge.com, NGLTF Release)

Reform Jewish Leaders Urge Cutting Ties to Boy Scouts

The Joint Commission on Social Action of the Union of American Hebrew Congregations is urging its constituents to sever ties with the Boy Scouts of America. After almost a decade of discussion with the BSA, the Reform Jewish leaders said in light of the recent Supreme Court decision that the BSA can bar queer scoutmasters, "we must recommend that congregations sponsoring/housing troops/packs withdraw sponsorship of a troop/pack and/or stop housing one."

Meanwhile, the U.S. Third Circuit Court of Appeals unanimously threw out a Pennsylvania school district's anti-harassment policy. The court ruled that constitutional free speech rights allow Christian children to express their views on homosexuality to BGLT students.

(Source: Scouting For All, PlanetOut)

Queen Enters Rock 'n' Roll Hall of Fame

Rock's top honor has been awarded to Queen, the famous progressive band fronted by the late, flamboyant (and openly bi) singer Freddy Mercury. Queen was inducted into the Rock 'n' Roll Hall of Fame in a ceremony featuring a rare live performance by the surviving members of the band.

A musical featuring the songs of Queen is in the works and is slated for opening in London late this year, to coincide with the 10th anniversary of Mercury's death.

(Source: PlanetOut)

ACLU Sues to Keep Access to BGLT Web Sites in Libraries

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A law designed to protect children from indecent Internet content at public libraries is under fire because it blocks access to much of the BGLT information on the Web. The American Civil Liberties Union is representing seven library associations, eight individuals and nine Web sites in a suit against the federal government.

The ACLU argues that the Children's Internet Protection Act (CHIPA) unconstitutionally restricts freedom of speech online.

CHIPA, passed by Congress late last year, requires libraries that participate in certain federal programs to install so-called "technology protection measures" on all computer terminals with Internet access. The purpose, the law says, is to protect children from indecent online content.

Among the Web site plaintiffs are PlanetOut.com and Out in America, both of which are online communities for gay, lesbian, bisexual and transgender people. Others, such as Planned Parenthood, Safersex.org and Afraidtoask.com, feature content designed to educate the public on health issues.

The Third Circuit Court of Appeals in Philadelphia will hear the case. Should an appeal be mounted to that panel's decision, it would move directly to the U. S. Supreme Court.

(Source: PlanetOut)

Arizona May Pass Two Pro-BGLT Laws

Two bills before the Arizona legislature that

would advance BGLT rights have moved another step closer to becoming law, although one of the measures has been watered down significantly.

The Arizona Employment Non Discrimination Act, which would prohibit employment discrimination based on sexual orientation and gender identity, was considered by the Senate Committee of the Whole. Legislators amended the bill so only public state agencies with 15 employees or more would be required to comply. Private businesses, churches and nonprofit entities would be exempt.

Opponents tried to kill the bill by expanding the protection to all businesses, Indian reservations and nonprofit organizations. "If we'll let the dog bite one guy, we should let the dog bite everyone," said Sen. Rusty Bowers, R-Mesa.

Instead, the Committee approved the watered-down version of the bill, which returns to the state Senate for a final vote this week.

Meanwhile, the state House of Representatives voted to approve a bill that would repeal Arizona's sodomy laws. The bill now goes now to the Arizona Senate for consideration. Sen. Ed Cirillo, R-Sun City West, who sponsored the repeal legislation last year, said he believes he can marshal the necessary 16 votes to send it to Gov. Jane Hull.

(Source: PlanetOut)

A Different Light Goes Out

After 18 years of business, New York BGLT

bookstore A Different Light closed its doors for good, *The New York Times* reports. Bookstore owner Bill Barker said he and partner Stanley Newman decided to focus on their more profitable stores in West Hollywood and San Francisco.

(Source: PlanetOut)

Soulforce Holds Tampa Vigil

On Feb. 24, 2001, volunteers from Soulforce held a vigil outside the Presbytery of Tampa Bay meeting at the Forest Hills Presbyterian Church. The Presbytery debated, and ultimately approved, a motion being debated nationwide, which would bar churches and ministers from taking part in blessing same-sex unions.

(Source: Soulforce)

Rotterdam Hosts First European Bi Conference


The Foundation European Bisexual Conference will organize the first conference aimed at bisexuals in Europe in Rotterdam on June 22, 23, and 24, 2001. The conference will provide a starting point for the European Bisexual Network, which aims to improve visibility on a European level and will monitor relevant European legislation.

The conference theme, "Same Preferences, Different Lifestyles," stresses the diversity of bisexuality.

Meanwhile, the University of Wisconsin-

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Milwaukee Student Union will host BECAUSE (Bisexual Empowerment Conference: A Uniting, Supportive Experience) on the weekend of May 4 through 6, 2001. Speakers include bisexual activists Lani Ka'ahumanu, Liz Highleyman, and Dr. Fritz Klein. Confirmed workshop subjects include "Who Is Bisexual?", "Bi Married Men — The Hidden Bisexual", "How to Throw a Sex Party", "You Deserve a Satisfying Safer Sex Life", "Bisexual Long-Term Relationships", "Intersexuality", "Bisexuals of Color", "BDSM", "Polyamory", and "Bisexual and Questioning Youth".

For more information, visit their Web site at www.bisexual.org/because2001.

(Source: European Bisexual Network, BECAUSE)

TG Advocate Receives Human Rights Award

In public ceremonies to honor the Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King Jr., Portland, OR, Mayor Vera Katz presented the Mayor's Human Rights Achievement Award for 2001 to Portland transgender rights advocate Lori Buckwalter.

Mayor Katz cited Buckwalter's work on the recent changes to Portland's Civil Rights Ordinance to include gender identity protections, and her work for the rights and safety of all the citizens of Portland.

(Source: *It's Time, Oregon!*)

Transsexual Health Benefits Get OK in SF

San Francisco will offer transsexual health care services to its employees through the Health Services System Board, city officials announced. The precedent-setting benefits take effect July 1, 2001. San Francisco has 15 self-identified transsexual employees.

(Source: Gwendolyn Ann Smith)

Transgender Person Killed in Houston

According to news reports, the body of 29-year-old Francisco Javier Luna was found in a parking lot in downtown Houston in March. Luna was found wearing women's clothing and makeup, with a brown wig near the body.

The cause of death was multiple gunshot wounds, including ones to the face, stomach, and shoulder.

Luna's murder was the third reported transgender-related killing in 2001.

(Source: Gwendolyn Smith)

China Drops Classification of Homosexuality as Pathology

The standing committee of the Chinese Psychiatric Association has announced that it is dropping its classification of homosexuality as a pathological condition.

The change will be reflected in its new guidelines to be issued in April.

Sexual relations between members of the same sex are not illegal in China, but the government has used anti-hooliganism laws to harass gays, lesbians, and bisexuals.

(Source: GPAC)

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SODOMY LAWS OVERTURNED IN TEXAS, UPHELD IN LOUISIANA

On June 8, a Texas appeals court ruled by a 2-1 margin that the state's 1860 sodomy law was unconstitutional.

The Texas decision arose from a 1998 case in which two Houston men, John Geddes Lawrence and Tyrone Garner, were arrested for having sex in one of the men's homes after an acquaintance called the police regarding a burglary. The Texas court declared that the law was unconstitutional because it applied only to partners of the same sex. Criminal penalties for opposite-sex sodomy were dropped in 1974.

In related news, the Louisiana Supreme Court on July 7 upheld that state's sodomy law, which makes oral and anal sex between consenting adults illegal regardless of gender or marital status. According to Justice Chet Traylor, who sided with the court's 5-2 majority, "Commission of what the legislature determines as an immoral act, even if consensual and private, is an injury against society itself."

The two dissenting judges claimed that the law was an intrusion into citizen's homes and private lives. The current verdict stems from a case in which a lower court convicted a man of having oral sex with a woman. That ruling was reversed by the state's Fourth Circuit Court of Appeals last February; the state appealed that verdict to the Louisiana Supreme Court, which reinstated the man's conviction. *[Note: This information has been superseded by a more recent case, reported on pg. 56.]*

Who's Watching Big Brother?

by Liz Highleyman

MAN CONVICTED OF BEATING 'GAY' DOG

In late June, an Ocala, Fla., man was convicted of animal cruelty for beating a dog that he thought was gay. George Stephens Finley hit his wife's poodle-terrier mix in the head with a vacuum cleaner attachment and hurled the dog against a tree; the dog was euthanized after lapsing into a coma.

Witnesses said that Finley was upset because he thought the neutered male poodle-terrier mix had repeatedly tried to have sex with another male dog.

According to sheriff's Capt. Mike McQuaig, "He felt that the dog was a queer-type dog and it made him angry."

A jury found Finley guilty of felony animal cruelty and he was sentenced to six months in jail, fined \$500, and ordered to take an anger-management course. Finley's wife, who received the dog as a Mothers Day present, divorced her husband after the incident.

COMPUTER PRIVACY ADVOCATES SLAM CARNIVORE

Internet privacy advocates are raising concerns over a new computer system that can be used to monitor e-mail. The snooping system, known as Carnivore, runs on Windows 2000 and uses software to comb through large amounts of data, as much as several gigabytes per hour. It uses filters to monitor data with more precision than an earlier system called Omnivore. Carnivore is designed to run on the network of an Internet service provider.

Privacy advocates are concerned that the sys-

tem can be used to monitor the e-mail and Web traffic of all users of an ISP, not only an intended suspect.

According to former federal computer crimes prosecutor Mark Rasch, "It's the electronic equivalent of listening to everybody's phone calls to see if it's the phone call you should be monitoring."

In the wake of a public outcry, U.S. Attorney General Janet Reno ordered an investigation, and a congressional oversight hearing is scheduled. An FBI spokesperson said the new system has only been used so far in "a half-dozen" investigations. After Carnivore caused suspected service disruptions for Earthlink users, that ISP got the FBI to agree not to use the system on its network again.

Other large ISPs have declined to say whether Carnivore has ever been used on their networks. The ACLU has filed a Freedom of Information Act request to obtain the Carnivore source code.

SUPREME COURT RULES AGAINST CABLE TV BAN

In May, the U.S. Supreme Court by a 5-4 margin struck down a law that restricted the hours during which cable TV channels can show sexually explicit material. The law, part of the 1996 Communications Decency Act, required that cable channels that did not fully scramble their audio and video signals could only show sexually explicit programs between 10 p.m. and 6 a.m.; cable operators have argued that complete scrambling is prohibitively expensive.

In 1998, a federal court panel in Delaware

ruled in favor of the Playboy Entertainment Group, stating that the aim of protecting children could be achieved in a less restrictive way by requiring cable operators to block unwanted channels at no cost for any individual customer who so requests.

The Supreme Court agreed, stating, "[T]he objective of shielding children does not suffice to support a blanket ban if the protection can be accomplished by a less restrictive alternative." In addition, noting that only 1 percent of cable subscribers had asked to have sexually oriented channels blocked, the justices concluded that unwanted exposure to explicit material was not a widespread problem.

POPE BLASTS QUEERS FOLLOWING WORLD PRIDE IN ROME

On July 9, at the conclusion of the World Pride 2000 celebration in Rome, Pope John Paul II spoke out in St. Peter's Square against the queer gathering. The pope repeated the church's official position that homosexual acts are a "disorder" and "contrary to natural law." He also claimed that the pride celebration was an affront and an "insult" to Catholics.

The Vatican, joined by Italian fascist politicians, attempted to force a cancellation of World Pride 2000, sponsored by the International Gay and Lesbian Human Rights Commission. Opponents pressured Rome city officials to deny permits and withdraw funding promised for the event. Catholic officials objected, in part, to the fact that the pride gathering coincided with the church's celebration.

In the weeks leading up to the conference, queer activists protested at Italian consulates in several cities in the United States and around the world, demanding that Rome not be swayed by pressure from the church.

Despite the controversy, World Pride 2000 — including a conference on "Sexual Diversity, Religious Intolerance, and Strategies for Change," art events, and a large march — went ahead mostly as planned, bring together several thousand gay and lesbian (and presumably also bisexuals and transgender) participants.

NAKED NYC PHOTO SHOOT GOES FORWARD

On June 4, some 100 people disrobed under the Williamsburg Bridge in Manhattan in the early morning hours to be photographed en masse by Spencer Tunick.

On June 3, the U.S. Supreme Court disallowed an attempt by New York City officials to prohibit the art project, ruling that Tunick had a First Amendment right to express himself by taking the photographs despite a state law against public nudity. Supreme Court Justice Ruth Bader Ginsburg had previously denied the city's application to prohibit the photo shoot, but the city appealed to the full court.

The day after the decision was handed down, Tunick gathered a group of models who posed naked for about 20 minutes. One model, who declined to give his full name, declared "I did it to piss off Rudy [Giuliani]," New York City's mayor who has spent his time in office attempting to shut down the city's sexual entertainment establishments and regulate what he deems offensive art.

Tunick is no stranger to controversial public art. In 1994, he and a model were arrested when the model posed nude on an eight-foot Christmas tree ornament at Rockefeller Center. He also has photographed large nude groups on the Brooklyn Bridge, in the Nevada desert, and at a Phish concert in Maine.

S/M PARTY RAIDED IN MASSACHUSETTS

On July 8, police in Attleboro, Mass., raided a private S/M party and arrested two participants. The officers claimed they happened upon the gathering as they were conducting a routine security check.

Benjamin Davis, the party's host, faces several charges, including assault on a police officer, operating a business without a license, keeping a house of ill fame (prostitution), lending or selling articles for self-abuse, and possession of a dangerous weapon. Articles for self-abuse include dildos and vibrators.

The Massachusetts State Judicial Court ruled in the 1980 *Commonwealth vs. Appleby* case that items such as riding

crops, whips, and walking sticks may be considered "dangerous weapons" depending on the context in which they are used.

The prostitution charge stems from the fact that Davis requested a donation to help cover expenses. Stefany Reed was charged with assault and battery for spanking a woman on the buttocks with a wooden paddle or spoon. In the Appleby case, the court ruled that consent is not a defense to a charge of assault and battery.

Support for those arrested is being provided by the New England Leather Association and the National Coalition for Sexual Freedom. The Bisexual Resource Center is acting as the nonprofit conduit for a legal defense fund.

For updated information about the case, see www.nla-newengland.org/attleboro.html. Donations can be made to the Paddleboro Defense League, P.O. Box 425098, Cambridge MA 02142; make checks payable to the BRC.

Liz Highleyman is a freelance writer, editor, and health educator. She is associate editor of the anthology Bisexual Politics: Theories, Queries and Visions (Haworth Press, 1995).



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AUSTRALIAN BISEXUAL NETWORK: National information, support, advocacy and social network for bi men, women, partners/families, and bi and bi-friendly groups. P.O. Box 490, Lutwyche, Brisbane, QLD 4030. www.ozemail.com.au/~ausbinet/index.html

BISEXUAL RESOURCE CENTER: Projects include The Bisexual Archives and the Bisexual Resource Office. P.O. Box 400639, Cambridge, MA 02140 USA. 617-424-9595.

GLASGOW BISEXUAL NETWORK: Social support and health information for bisexuals and their supporters in Glasgow, Scotland, UK. Volunteers and bifriendly folks needed to help run the group. Regular social meetings at the Gay & Lesbian Centre, 11 Dixon St., Glasgow. For more information, contact: Dominic Aveyard, GBN

Group Coordinator, 127 Glenhead St., Park-house, Glasgow, Scotland, UK, G22-6DQ. 0141-336-4548 evenings and weekdays.

GRUPO TRIANGULO ROSA: To help the human rights of BGLT people, struggle against discrimination, help coordinate a Central American movement for the rights of sexual minorities, and prevent HIV. Apartado Postal 1619-4050, Alajuela, Costa Rica. 506-23-2411.

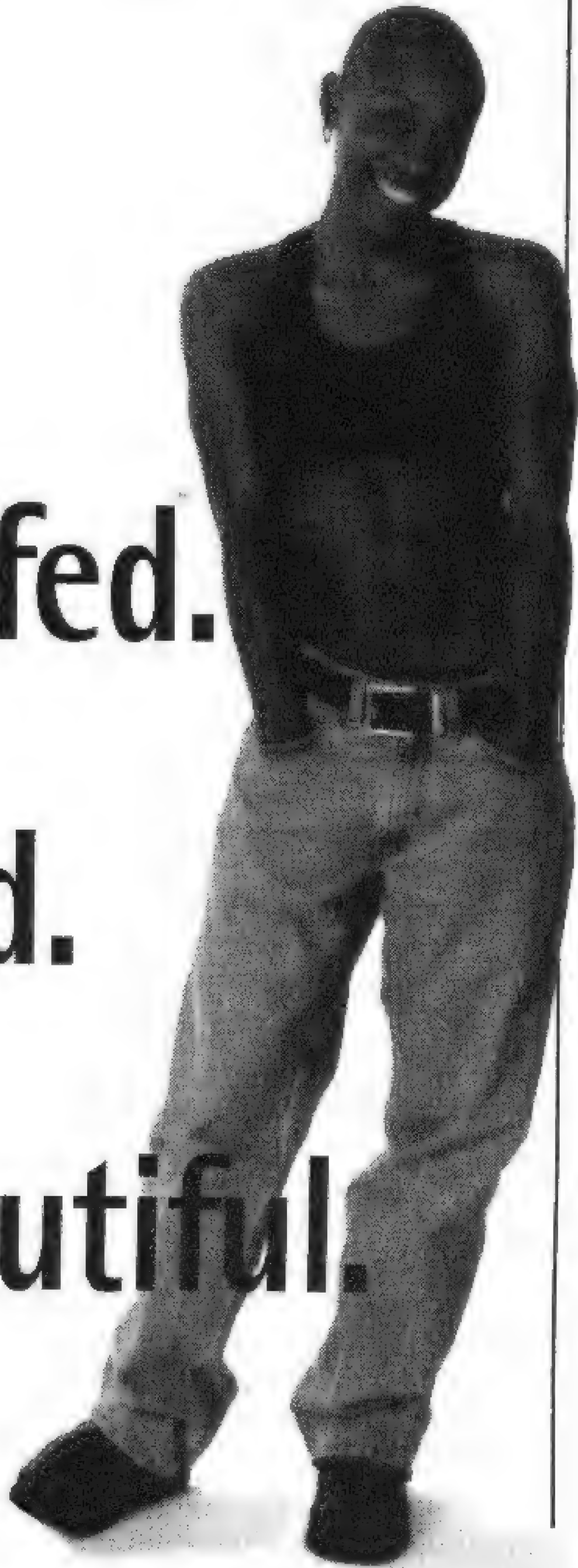
UNITARIAN UNIVERSALIST BISEXUAL NETWORK: A packet of materials of interest to bisexuals, including a newsletter, is available from the Unitarian Church by sending \$10 to UUBN, P.O. Box 10818, Portland, ME 04104 USA.

WAZOBIA: For women who love women and men who love men however they may self-identify, BGLT or questioning people from continental Africa. P.O. Box 255, New York, NY 10116 USA. 212-690-3705.

Anything That Moves is interested in listing international bisexual resources and projects that involve the entire community. To list your organization, please send complete contact information to:

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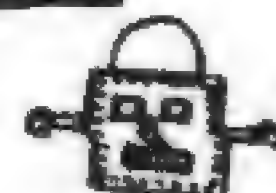
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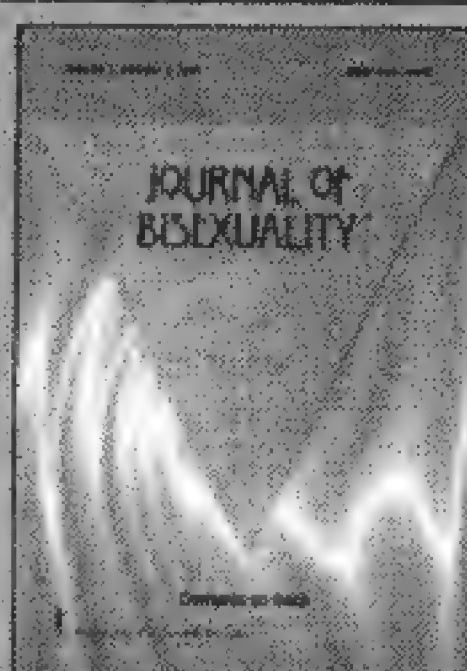
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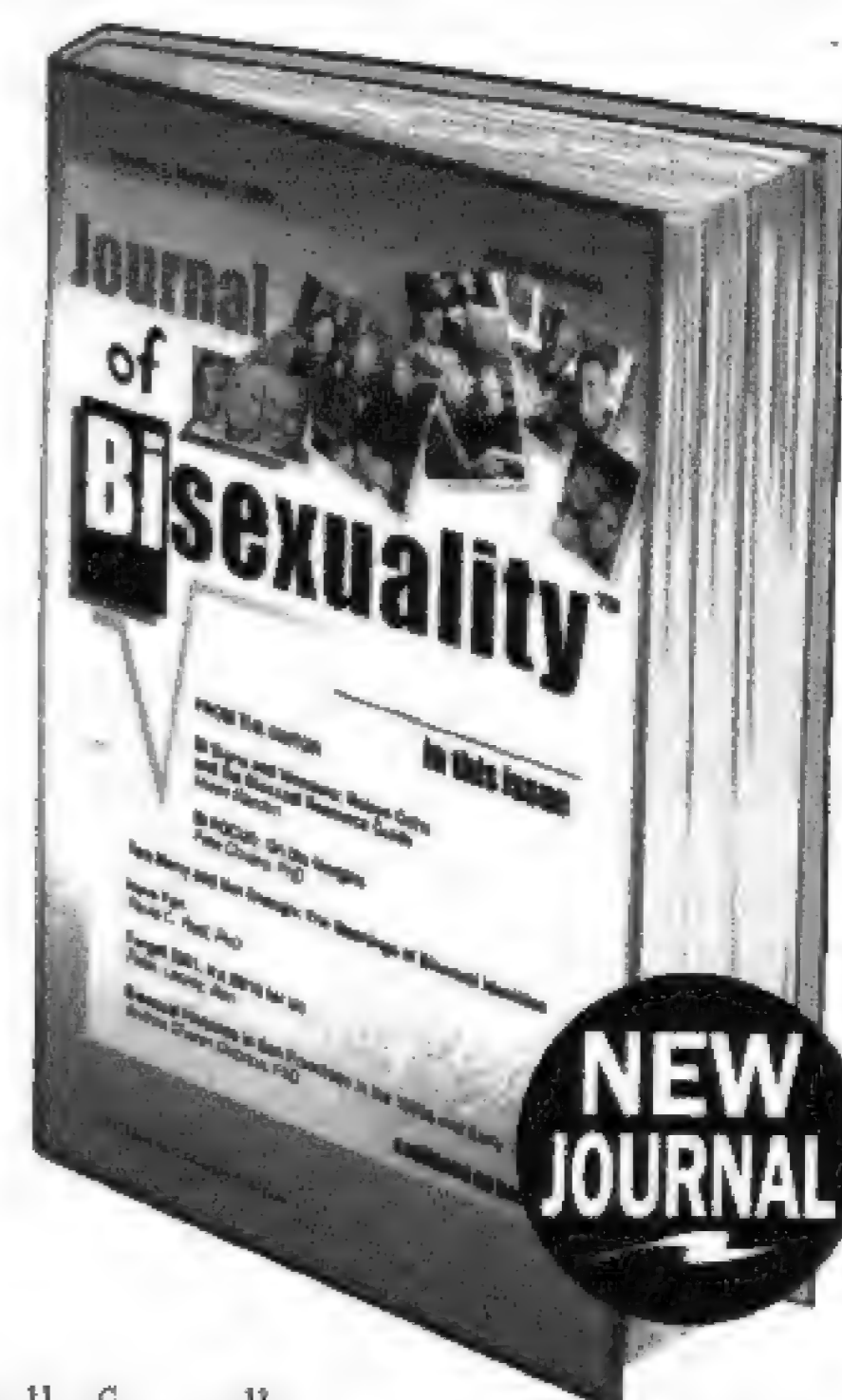
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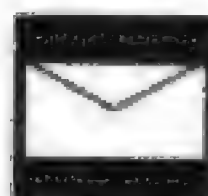
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Fritz Klein, MD, is a psychiatrist in San Diego, California. He specializes in sexual orientation and relationship problems and therapy for people with HIV/AIDS. His former positions include Clinical Instructor at the University of California at San Diego and co-leader of the Bisexual Forum in New York City, which he founded in 1974.

Dr. Klein also established the Bisexual Forum in San Diego in 1982. He is the author of the book *The Bisexual Option* (The Haworth Press, Inc.), co-editor of *Bisexualities, Theory, and Research* (The Haworth Press, Inc) and *When Husbands Come Out: Their Words, Their Stories* (forthcoming from The Haworth Press, Inc.), and co-author of *Man, His Body, His Sex* (Doubleday & Co.).

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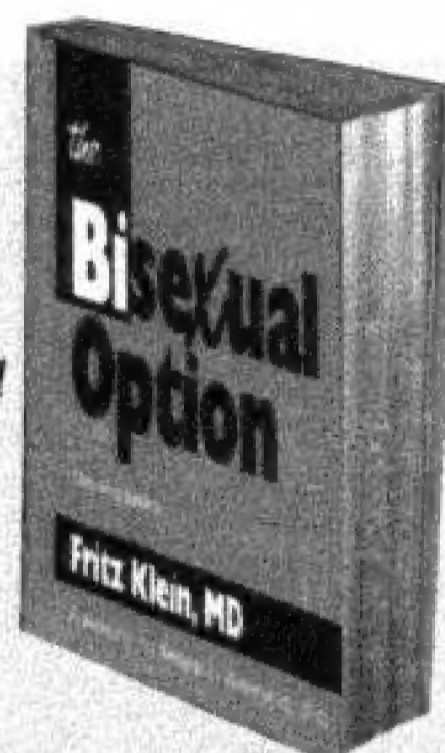
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The Magazine for the Uncompromising Bisexual

Dear Reader,

Your new issue of *Anything That Moves* comes to you in a spirit of gratitude and enthusiasm over your continued loyal support for *ATM*.

We've been through the arduous process of strengthening the inner workings of the magazine so that it can survive the financial challenges that a non-profit organization faces in the Bay Area. Keith Bowers sums it all up nicely in his editorial in this issue. Like Jack Random's "Postcards From The Middle" series (also in this issue), our magazine has embarked on a journey that we are all committed to following - no matter how curvy the road or rickety the bridge. You'll see that our new issue captures the essence of the past year: in with the new, out with the old, and improvements to the core.

We'd also love to hear about the journey you've been on: Write us at 2261 Market St., #496, San Francisco, CA 94114!

With love and gratitude,
The *Anything That Moves* Staff

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